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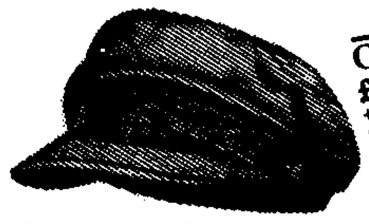

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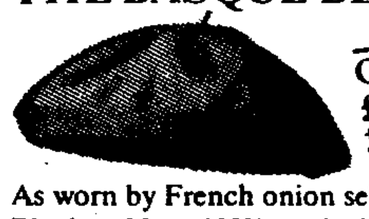

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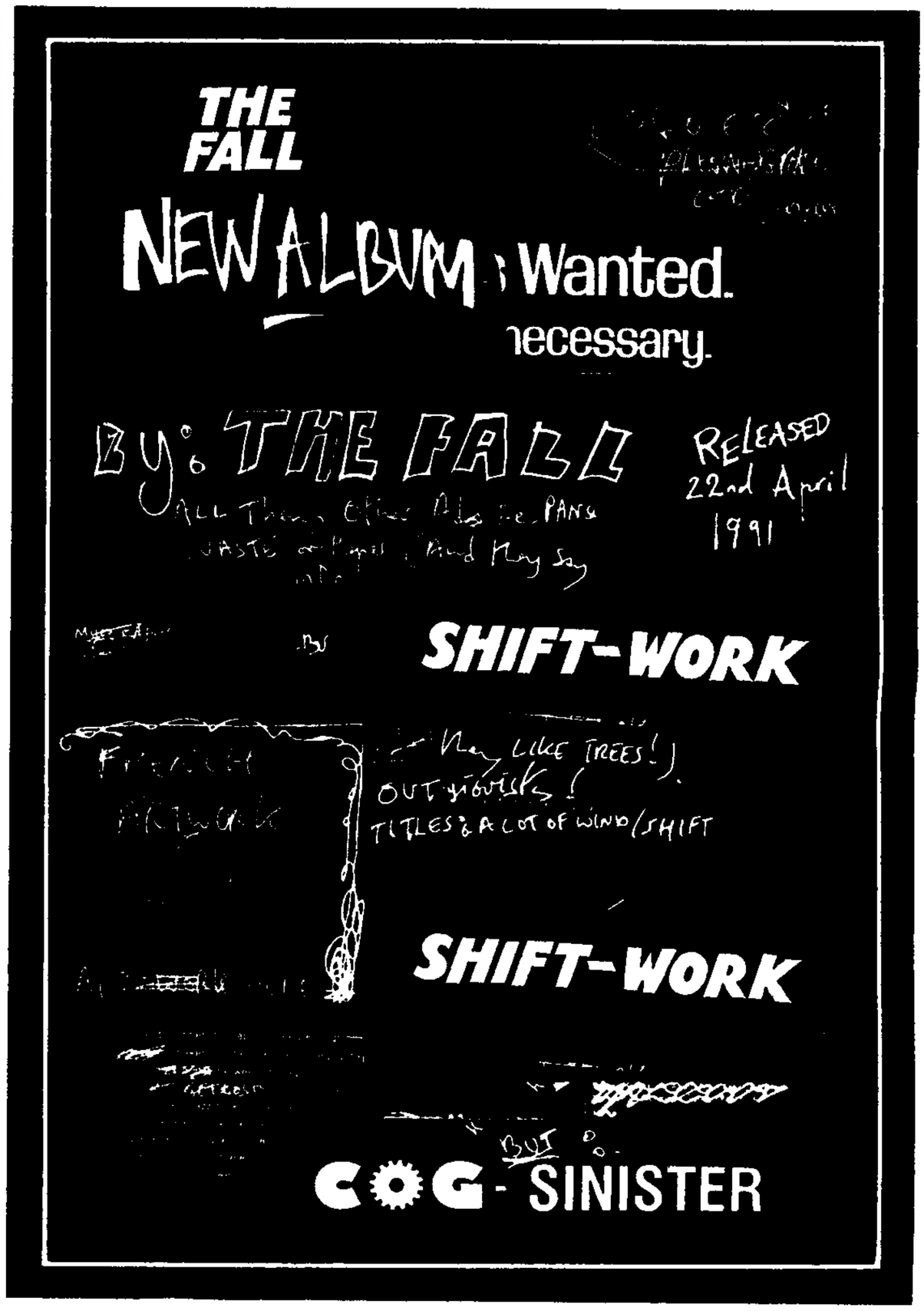

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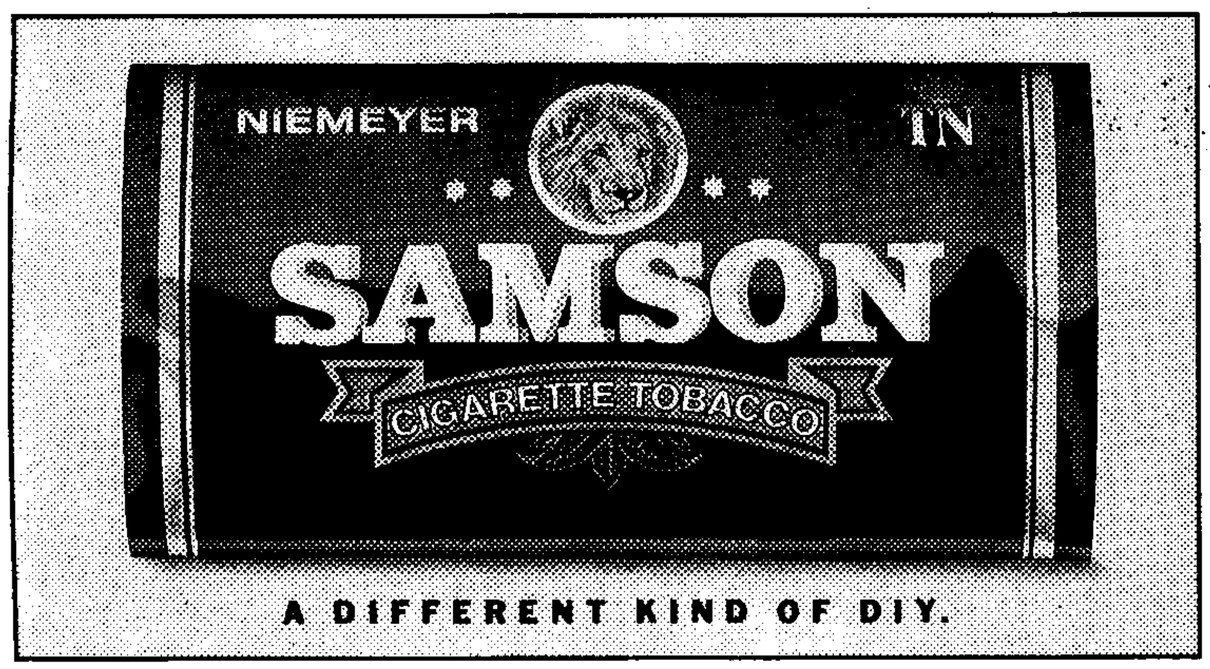

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Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

How the wimp won the war

When 241 Marines were killed in Beirut by one bomb carried in one truck by one Arab terrorist on October 23, 1983, Reagan gave the order two days later to invade Grenada. A catastrophe must immediately be replaced by another act so bold that it, too, may end in catastrophe – that takes moxie!

Grenada worked, however. Nineteen hundred Marines conquered something like half their number of Cuban construction workers, and the media were banned from reporting events firsthand for the three days of the campaign. Then America celebrated the victory. A phenomenon ensued. The American public reacted as if the victory in Grenada had removed the shame of Vietnam.

Only a political genius can turn a debacle into a media success, and George Bush had studied Ronald Reagan with all the intensity of an unwanted child for eight hard years, taken his snubs, suffered the nitty-twit positions Reagan left him in, and the wimp slanders prevalent in the press. George Bush was keen, lean, competitive, and wanted the presidency as much as any vice president before him. Without it, he had nothing to anticipate but an enduring reputation as the ex-vice-presidential wimp. Male pride is insufficiently appreciated. It can approach earthquake force. George Bush was not to be stopped by the likes of Dole or Dukakis; George Bush knew that you win elections by kissing the great American electorate on the mouth – "I want a kinder, gentler nation" – and by kicking the opposition in the nuts.

By Norman Mailer

Illustrated by Philip Burke

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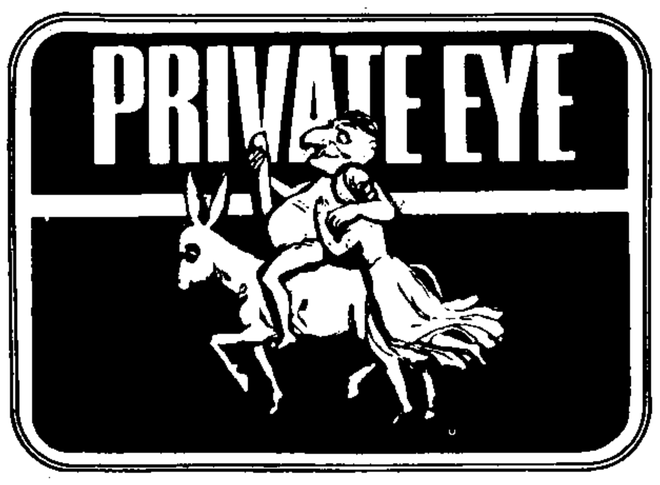


COLOUR SECTION

JUST AS Margaret Thatcher added steel to George Bush's resolve in launching his troops against Saddam Hussein, so Douglas Hurd, the foreign secretary, has been highly influential in shaping Bush's postwar policy of appeasing the dictator and allowing him to slaughter his own people at will.

As the United States president became more certain that the Iraqi troops were a push-over and that the war would be easily won, Bush revelled in the image of liberator. Increasingly he used his televised press conferences to lash out at the "brutal dictator" and to call for a new ruler in Iraq. The British Foreign Office watched in amazement as, on 15 February, Bush took off into the stratosphere on his own rhetoric, calling on "the Iraqi military" and even "the Iraqi people" to rise up and rid themselves of Saddam Hussein. That was the best way, he exclaimed to "stop the bloodshed".

Hurd intervened at once. He personally begged the president to go easy on the revolutionary appeals. Although the Iraqi army had to be pushed out of Kuwait, Iraq itself should be left in tact. The British Foreign Office, after all, had created Iraq in the first place.

The nightmare scenario for the British was a splintered Iraq with Kurds, Iranians and Shi'ites throwing off the Saddam yoke to set up new governments of their own. Thus throughout the war, not a single word of encouragement for popular revolt against Saddam emanated from the Foreign Office.

Eventually Bush saw the point and piped down. The order went out to destroy enough of Saddam's army to stop him occupying any other country but to leave enough of his army to quell any uprising. Saddam responded enthusiastically, sticking closely to the guidelines set down by the Americans and the British. He never used chemical weapons which might have brought the coalition armies back into the fray; and he slaughtered tens of thousands of the rebellious forces.

CHRISTOPHER NEWELL, the ambitious young director of headquarters casework at the Crown Prosecution Service (it is a very important post for a man of 40) has, in one bound, established for his department powers of which it could never have dreamed.

Until now it was the police who investigated alleged crimes and, where they thought it necessary, reported to the CPS who decided whether or not to prosecute. Now Mr Newell has decided, apparently without any reference to higher authority, that the CPS will itself conduct inquiries to discover whether the police should investigate alleged crimes in the first place.

This fantastic extension of his powers is the only rational explanation for Mr Newell's behaviour in the Colin Wallace affair. Last autumn, David Calcutt QC (a rather more distinguished and able lawyer than Mr Newell) declared to a shocked Ministry of Defence that it had wrongly sacked Wallace from its information office in 1975. More remarkably, Calcutt revealed that when Wallace appealed to the Civil Service Appeals Board, its chairman, a retired trade union official called Sir Leslie Williams, was "nobbled" by two Ministry of Defence officials peddling information about Wallace that was completely false.

For this gross interference with quasi-judicial procedure, Calcutt demanded compensation for Wallace of £30,000. Wallace went to Scotland Yard to allege perversion of the course of justice, or fraud, or conspiracy to defraud or all three. Chief Supt Derek Searle, a wise detective who had just come back from solving the awkward Julie Ward murder case in Kenya, was most impressed with Wallace's story. He indicated that there was clear *prima facie* evidence that a crime had been committed and that he would be happy to investigate.

Searle was quick to realise, however, that the two nobblers were almost certainly MI5 officers. He said he was not prepared to conduct a long and expensive inquiry only to be told at the end of it that the MI5 men couldn't be prosecuted because they were above the law. He asked the CPS for advice. He was promised a reply in four weeks at the most. Now, six months later, Mr Newell replies. He does not give advice. He does not say whether the MI5 men are above the law and won't be prosecuted. He says that there is "not sufficient evidence" to hold an investigation.

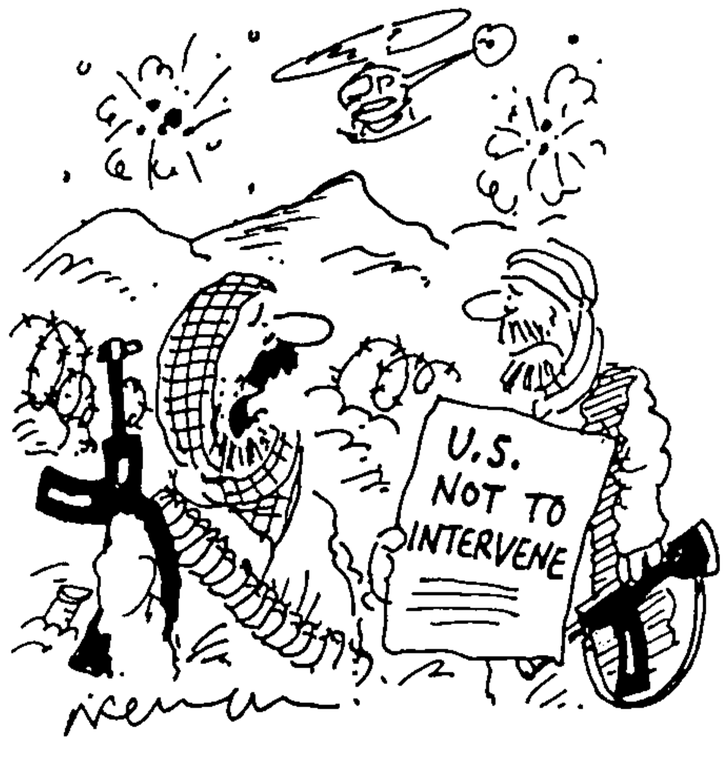
This is not only a ridiculous insult to David Calcutt, whose short report is the plainest possible evidence for investigation. But it is also a complete abrogation of the role of the CPS and its relationship with the police. Mr Newell would not have acted so foolishly in an ordinary case. It would never occur to him that he, not the police, judges whether alleged crimes should be investigated. But the cover-up of the Colin Wallace story demands of people like Mr Newell that they must do what they are told.

THE Government's choice of Garry Runciman as chairman of the royal commission on the judicial system, set up after the scandal of the Birmingham Six, is one more sign of the downfall of Thatcherism.

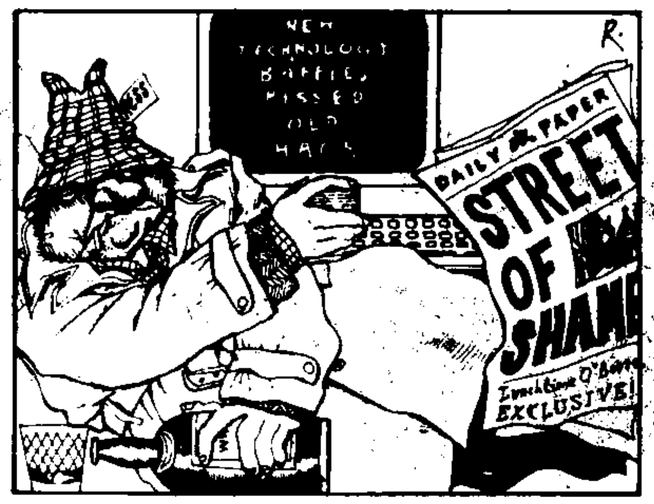
Four months ago his appointment would have been unthinkable. For although paraded as a leading industrialist, Runciman is in fact a sociology don and has always been more interested in Plato than plutocracy. (Admittedly he also supervised — not very successfully — his dynastic shipping firm until it was taken over last year at more than three times the price its shares commanded only a couple of years earlier.)

Now richer than ever, Runciman has had plenty of time to indulge his passion for the social sciences. He may look and sound like a Tory — his grandfather Walter was Neville Chamberlain's chief crony at the time of Munich — but he is widely regarded as a Labour sympathiser, even though he sits on the cross-benches in the Lords.

He has been a leading figure in the Child Poverty Action Group for 20 years and but his greatest qualification is that he is exactly the kind of person to make the blood of right-wing lunatics like Paul Johnson boil.



"It's the Mother of All Bottles"



LOUIS BLOM-COOPER, the QC and former head of the absurd Press Council, has himself landed in a spot of bother with the law.

In his weekly *Financial Times* column, in which under the name of Justinian he lays down what is right, he has, no doubt absent-mindedly, lifted the thoughts of A.N. Other who turned out to be a professor of law.

The professor, Alan C. Page of Dundee University, pointed out to Blom-Cooper that he might have committed a slight case of plagiarism. But in putting things right B-C committed two more bloomers. He said his article had appeared on 18 January. In fact it was published on 18 February. He also said that he "gladly" acknowledged that he had "quoted without authority" from an article by Page. But it wasn't an article, it was a book. Such slovenly inaccuracies would have had short shrift from Blom-Cooper's Press Council.

Bitter over his failure to save the council, Blom-Cooper is now doing his best to dispel the image he once cherished as a radical. He has stepped in where other less insensitive lawyers have chosen not to tread and written in the *Observer* a defence of the lord chief justice over his handling of the Birmingham Six case. No doubt he will soon be calling for the reintroduction of the stocks.

BRITISH Nuclear Fools have appointed a new editor for its in-house newspaper *BNFL News* with just the right background for producing hard, factual reports on behalf of the company that makes second-hand uranium at its radioactive reprocessing plant in Cumbria.

He previously worked for two fine newspapers of record: the *Sun* and the *Sport*.

THE *SUN* may be setting on Rupert Murdoch's shabby empire, but at Sky News the moon is definitely rising — on screen and in a rather unpleasant human shape.

The "moon" — or moons, to be exact — belong to a somewhat overweight videotape editor who works at Sky's Westminster unit in the Queen Elizabeth II conference centre. The man is frequently on screen in the background as part of Sky's attempt to create a busy newsroom backdrop for its tiny studio.

Sadly the man's visual skills do not extend to his clothing, particularly to the fit of his trousers, and at times he suffers severely from what doctors call "builders' cleavage".

Unfortunately this revealed itself to a larger audience when reporter Adam Bolton was doing a live piece to camera. Just as he was in full flow, the editor stood up behind him to pull video cassettes from a high shelf and the exertion caused his strides to slip to their lowest level ever.

Thus it was that viewers were treated to the sight of a hairy pair of moons rising serenely over Bolton's shoulder. A stiff memo has now been issued to the hapless technician by Sky's head of "news", John O'Loan.

EXECUTIVES at Cap'n Bob's *Daily Mirror* have been involved in a dispute with the Metropolitan Police over their refusal to issue press cards to two of the *Mirror*'s most shining luminaries.

The first applicant, a new recruit in the features department, was that well known Lady of Fleet Street Pamella Bordes, a woman whose knowledge of Sunday newspapers — well Sunday newspaper editors, anyway — is unrivalled. Alas the Knacker press department was unimpressed and just said no.

This refusal was but dust, however, compared to the humiliation suffered by the *Mirror* for its second request: a press card for its well-known leader writer Captain Robert Maxwell, MC.

When Knacker said no again, the rag's crime correspondent was deputed to make a direct approach over lunch. When even that failed a *Mirror* executive telephoned Knacker to say that the matter would be taken up directly with Sir Peter Imbert if the card was not forthcoming.

The answer was still no. Perhaps Knacker isn't so stupid after all.

WHILE Britain sighs with relief at the news that Cap'n Bob is to reside in New York for the next six months, the Americans are already getting a taste of his clod-hopping manner.

Within weeks of taking over at the New York *Daily News* the fat oaf has already managed to offend much of the city's black population.

The occasion was an interview in his office with a black television reporter from PBS, Charlene Hunter-Gault. When she gently pointed out that in the past he had been severely criticised by the Department of Trade in Britain, Maxwell exploded.

"I will not participate if there are libels," he screamed at the unfortunate woman. "I'm not going to answer shit." He then ranted down the phone to Hunter-Gault's executive producer, claiming that she had got her information from Tom Bower's biography. Finally, he threatened the TV crew. By the end of all this, Hunter-Gault was distraught.

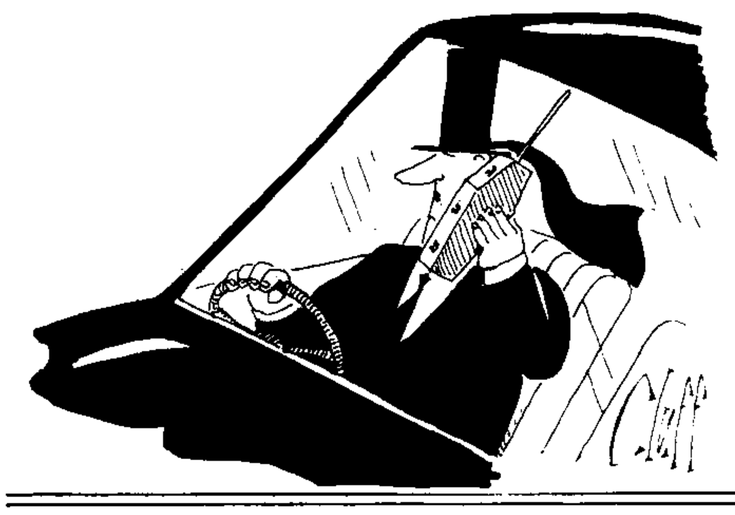
Maxwell clearly assumed she was just some run-of-the-mill hackette whom he could bully as he bullies so many other people. But Charlene Hunter-Gault is, in fact, a figurehead of the American civil rights movement: she was the first black woman ever to attend the University of Georgia, and the first black woman reporter on the *New York Times*.

Now for the Jews and Hispanics...

SEAN FRENCH had a great scoop in his Pendennis column in the *Observer* last Sunday when he revealed that an interview by Clive James with the American scientist Stephen Jay Gould "will not be reaching our screens".

The BBC, he explained, had flown the professor over to London for the interview, "but under the lights Gould bit and scratched and behaved, metaphorically speaking at least, like that famous baby elephant on *Blue Peter*. He was considered so arrogant that the programme has been scrapped altogether."

Presumably the thousands of viewers who that very evening watched the interview, broadcast on BBC2 at 6.05pm as scheduled, were seeing a



mirage. Stranger still, Gould did not bite or scratch once.

It is believed that Sean French's column may now be "scrapped altogether".

THE UNRELENTING sycophancy of carrot-haired *Daily Torygraph* hack Simon Heffer has paid off at last.

Conrad Black has agreed to Heffer's appointment as deputy editor of *The Spectacularlyboring*. No doubt he is grateful to Heffer for introducing him to right-wing sage Enoch Powell. Indeed, Heffer's sycophancy to Black is only exceeded by his sycophancy to Powell, who is an occasional visitor to Heffer's Essex abode. Other guests have been warned to treat a particular armchair with respect because only the previous week Enoch had sat in the same spot listening to Wagner's Ring Cycle.

Heffer's appointment comes as a surprise to friends of *Spectacularlyboring* editor Dominic Lawson, who has always insisted that the position of deputy editor should be filled by someone who will not pose a threat to him. Lawson is not likely to be stabbed in the back so much as punctured like a pin-cushion.

MYSTERY continues at the *Mail on Sunday* about a story concerning the royal family.

In August last year the *MoS* handed over a bag of cash in exchange for a set of keys, an address and a roll of film. The bag contained £10,000 and the recipient was believed to be a former member of the security services.

The keys were said to be those of a house where a female member of the royal family was disporting herself and the film was said to contain graphic evidence of this. The exchange took place and then the *Mail on Sunday* examined its "scoop". The keys did not fit the address and the film was blank. The informant disappeared with the cash.

There were, as they say, red faces at the *Mail on Sunday*. However, in March this year who should turn up at the *Eye* but the informant known to the *Mail on Sunday* as "Robin". He complained bitterly that although he had conned the *MoS* with a completely bogus story, he had been put up to it by a member of the *Mail on Sunday* staff.

"Robin" is Eugene McDonald, a south London car dealer with a little bit of form and he has yet to come up with any evidence that the *MoS* was ripped off by a conspiracy involving its own staff. Still, the *Mail on Sunday* agrees that it has been robbed. "Robin" agrees that he was the robber, but that he was robbed of his share as well.

As the *Eye* went to press, the *Mail on Sunday* had still not called in Inspector Knacker.

A SYMPATHETIC story in the latest edition of the *Mail on Sunday* heralds the return to the world stage of Zola Pieterse, née Budd.

The astonishingly famous athlete hopes to win in a major event by competing for South Africa at the Barcelona Olympics. Fulfilling this ambition might prove tricky, for until recently Zola was determinedly British.

Now, according to the paper, "Zola won't be bought or talked into ever again running for any country other than her native South Africa". This is an ever so slightly different view from that expressed in earlier interviews with the athlete.

Previously the emphasis had been on how wonderful Lord Rothermere and *Mail* supremo Sir David Fester had been in arranging for Budd's British citizenship. She was, we were repeatedly told, genuinely anxious to be British and commercial considerations played no part in her instant patriotism. Now, apparently, her citizenship had been "bought" by Associated Newspapers all along. Perhaps they will do the same for some of the Kurds or Hong Kong Chinese...

MALCOLM RIFKIND, who has done his homework as transport secretary and realises that rail privatisation would be about as popular with the voters as the poll tax, is still being deluged with propaganda by John Redwood and other misguided Thatcherites desperate to find "vote-winners" for the Tory election manifesto.

Dedwood, who since his days in the Number Ten think tank has been privy to all the secret reports the Government has commissioned on rail privatisation, should know better. Without exception the various consultants (and there have been many) have been unable to find any form of privatisation that would not drastically reduce the size of the network and make the service even worse than it is today.

Ironically the option currently being promoted by Dedwood and friends — that of a national track authority, open to competing operators (like the IBA) — is the one which has been most strongly condemned by all the consultants who have studied it.

The rail privatisation lobby is not getting much help from Sir Bob Reid, BR's new chairman, who has been much less compliant than his namesake predecessor and is publicly demanding much higher subsidies to bring the system up to the standards that Britain's EC partners take for granted. That kind of money would make private financiers run a mile.

WHAT A flexible fellow is Derek Fatchett MP, the Labour Party's junior spokesman on education.

He went on radio on Easter Sunday to denounce the teachers for threatening to strike. Strikes, he said, were "unprofessional", and no one knows better than Mr Fatchett who is sponsored in Parliament by the "professional" workers trade union, MSF.

Just after the Easter weekend, MSF issued a press release about a strike by 10 of their members at Britool, a Birmingham firm. The issue is rather the same as the one which worries the teachers — no negotiating rights. The notice called for support for a rally for the Britool strikers on 11 April.

The main speaker? Derek Fatchett MP.

'Backbiter'

POLICE 5

SAINTLY Greater Manchester chief constable Sir James Anderton continues to cause turmoil within his force following the announcement of his belated retirement.

Despite chronic cash-flow problems, Anderton's palatial 11th floor suite at GMP's Chester House Police headquarters was recently decked out with new furniture at a cost of around £20,000. A lackey was also dispatched to purloin a suitable carpet to withstand the great man's massive bulk.

Unfortunately the new decor failed to inspire Anderton's sense of aesthetics. He banished the furniture from his sight to a Chester House bunker and replaced it with matching, colour-coordinated items. This has cost a further £20,000 — hardly the mark of a spartan neo-Catholic police chief forever wringing his hands about dwindling crime-fighting budgets.

Meanwhile the ruling Labour group on the Greater Manchester police authority is continuing to sulk over the way Anderton announced his exit. Although the entire Manchester force and almost every hack in the city knew the story, the news came as a complete shock to police chairman Steve Murphy, a former striking miner from the wrong end of Wigan pier.

But for Anderton, this was his last chance to put one over the Labour-run authority which he has treated with contempt since its laughable bleeding-heart remonstrations following the Moss Side riots in 1981.

For the last 10 years Anderton has tested the members' patience with thundering, over-the-top outbursts against moral "subversives", guaranteed to rile the equal opportunity-spouting Trots. Yet strangely, every Labour threat to discipline the chief for his controversial statements have ended with left-wing councillors backing off at the last minute. Anderton, meanwhile, has earned much support from the crime-ridden local populace against so-called council "police-bashers".

Left-wingers on the Manchester police committee have never recovered from their disastrous attempt to discipline Anderton in 1986 in response to the way establishment Labour members suspended John Stalker. The hard-line Manchester contingent had drawn up a list of complaints, accusing Anderton of allegedly misusing police equipment and personnel. One of the queries about Anderton's behaviour concerned the alleged private use of a police car and chauffeur for a trip to Haydock races on 5 July 1985.

Although it is unlikely that the public will ever discover the truth behind all the allegations, if Manchester had submitted the questions it could have stymied GMP's botched million-pound case against innocent businessman Kevin Taylor (*Eyes passim*).

Instead Manchester policing expert Cllr Tony McCardell took fright when faced with the awesome responsibility he had helped gather around him and asked to see Anderton's social diary for the period August 1985-August 1986, after the "date" of the Haydock meeting!

PRISON NEWS

FOLLOWING the Woolf proposals on prison reform (they recommend more visits from outside and more association between prisoners) congratulations are due to Mr R.S. Duncan, governor of Gartree.

He responded to the proposals by announcing on 31 March certain "changes in routine" at his jail.

The first two are:

1 "Association will finish every evening at 8pm." (This means a cut of the previous half an hour every day for association between prisoners.)

2 "There will be no Monday visits except on Bank Holidays." (This reduces visiting days by 47 days a year.)

HERITAGE NEWS

THE APPALLING ignorance of English Heritage, that gaggle of pen-pushing gut-buckets who despoil our landscape by erecting "toilet facilities" at such monuments as Stonehenge, knows no bounds.

Page 138 of the *Guide to English Heritage Properties for 1991* is typical: "In 1066," the toothless watchdogs gush, "William the Conqueror landed in Sussex at Pevensey. He then marched to Hastings and defeated King Alfred."

King Alfred! Lord, whatever next? As every fule kno, it was *Robert the Bruce* who died in battle at Hastings — killed by a red-hot poker inserted ignominiously into his bottom.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

MANCHESTER

THE litter-strewn streets of Manchester will soon be teeming with hundreds of homeless folk, thrown out by disgruntled landlords following a bitter rent row with the stubborn, Labour-run city council.

As outlined recently in the *Eye*, Manchester town hall officers have been scouring the city for homeless welfare claimants whom they can put into council houses while laughing all the way to the bank. The council can charge a high rent while knowing that the claimant can touch the DoSS for the bill.

This ingenious wheeze worked sweetly until last March when private landlords cottoned on and began charging dole-ites massive rents knowing that the council was obliged to cough up the bill from housing benefit funds. Naturally Manchester was not too happy at being rumbled and took the case to the high court where it won the right to reimburse housing benefit claimants only the so-called "market" value for the private property, a sum far less than the full rent.

With thousands of tenants now unable to pay thanks to the council's stingy housing benefit rebates, landlords have responded with threats to throw up to 200,000 people on to the Manchester streets. This has prompted dwarfish town hall housing chairman Dave Lunts to accuse the private landlords of "milking the system" and making fat profits at taxpayers' expense.

Lunts, despite his politics degree and lengthy experience as a railway signalman at Miles Platting station, is being a trifle disingenuous. Although only a heartless cynic would suggest that Manchester had itself been "milking the system", the city has 5,000 empty council properties ready to house potential eviction victims.

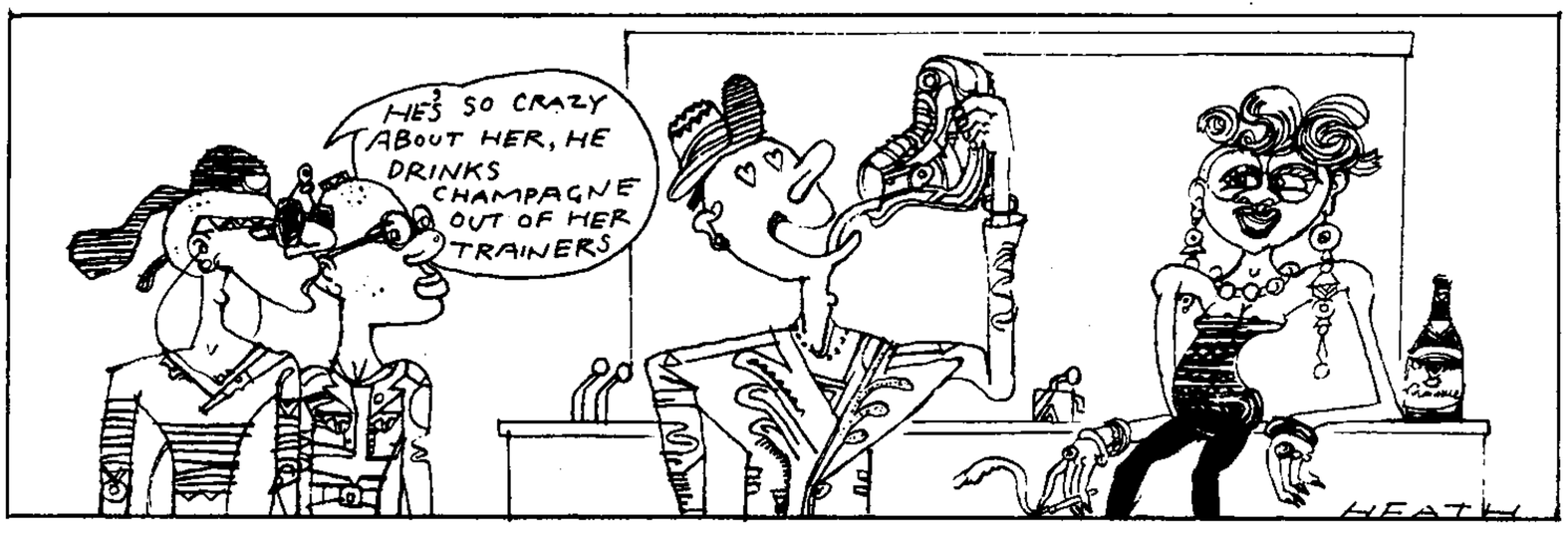
Ironically, if hard-hearted landlords go ahead with their threats it will cost the council far more to re-house the tenants (as is their statutory duty) than to pay the full housing benefit in the first place.

Meanwhile, the would-be homeless are caught up in petty local political squabbles. Remarkably, Sam Darby from the Manchester office of the housing charity Shelter, has cited the landlords as having "a responsible attitude" and condemned the town hall's position as "disgraceful".

Darby's astonishing response has, of course, nothing to do with his former incarnation as chairman of Manchester council's housing department where he regularly clashed with council leader Graham Stringer, or his previous role as a street-seller for the Labour Party's now-proscribed, rabble-rousing Trotskyite Socialist Organiser group.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



Grovel

NO SOONER have the trustees of the Victoria and Albert Museum lost from their number Princess Michael of Kent than they are joined by someone even pushier — Nina Campbell, the interior decorator who helped La Thatcher "restyle" 10 Downing Street (shortly before the late PM's forcible eviction) and is now rumoured to be advising Fergie on the wallpaper at the Yorks' Sunningdale ranch.

Luckily for the museum the Nina Campbell shop is just round the corner, so she will be able to pop over whenever tasteful advice is needed.

Meanwhile, the big headache for the V&A in recent weeks has been how to fill the gap left by its "Art of Death" exhibition, which the museum's director, Elizabeth Esteve-Coll, postponed until next year because of the Gulf War.

One idea was to display the Almain Armourer's Album, a book of exquisite watercolours of the ornate, gold-encrusted armours worn by Elizabethan magnates such as the Earl of Leicester and made at the famous armourers at Greenwich. The exhibition was planned to complement the Henry VIII show about to open at the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, and the V&A organiser had successfully got the world authority on arms and armour, Claude Blair, to write their catalogue free of charge. But a furious Elizabeth Esteve-Coll immediately vetoed the project.

This, I can assure you, has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that Blair is better known to Esteve-Coll as the former head of the "Save the V&A" campaign which criticised her sackings and restructurings in 1989.

I TURN TO my favourite periodical, *Hello*, for a glimpse at the private lives of the publicity shy.

As well as reading a piece about Jonathan Ross's happy marriage (remember the one about Jane Seymour's, Dominic Lawson's etc?) I was intrigued by the revelation that actress Debbie Lang (nearly spelt correctly) had dated the pop star Climie Fisher. Actually Climie Fisher is a duo. Either *Hello* has got it wrong or Debbie is a very adventurous girl indeed.

"Come on out, Witch, and bring the Lion with you!"

● *I AM DEEPLY saddened by Marianne Wiggins's fierce denunciation of her husband, the well-known Muslim Salman Rushdie, in an interview for the Sunset Times.*

Although she scoffed cruelly that Salman "will do anything to save his life... He's no longer a man", this was actually far from her personal best in hitting a man when he is down.

Take her last novel, John Dollar, a sadistic rewrite of Lord of the Flies. After a shipwreck a group of young girls are washed up on an island with one man, the captain, John Dollar. Happily, John Dollar's back is broken and he is paralysed. The girls grow somewhat disappointed in his manly leadership and, anyway, they're hungry. Two of the nicer ones wonder why he is beginning to smell. They look under his sheet to see what the others have been doing. It's this:

"Every night they had been paring skin off him, eating morsels from his legs, his flesh, stanching his blood with a hot brand from the fire which he couldn't feel but which left him charred and rotting."

As a final act of cruelty, John Dollar's lover turns out also to have survived the storm, on another part of the island, blinded. She recovers her sight in time to see the remains of John Dollar after his final roasting. Nice!

The charming Ms Wiggins is now working on a play called Revenge. No wonder Rushdie has decided he prefers the ayatollahs.

POOR OLD Naim Attallah has blundered into a minefield by sacking Ros de Lanerolle from the top job at Women's Press, the feminist imprint which Naim Dropper (rather incongruously) owns.

For months the Ayatollah had been aware of a power struggle between de Lanerolle and her deputy, Mary Hemming. So out of touch was he, however, that he thought it was Hemming who enjoyed the support of her colleagues: thus his decision to force out her boss.

Last Friday, at a meeting of all the remaining staff, Naim discovered the awful truth: Hemming is universally unpopular. As the assembled wimmin harangued him the wretched man shook his head sadly. "I lurrve women," he drooled. "Why cannot I have some gratitude and lurrve back?" He also promised that the hated Hemming would "sit in her office and be sweet" in future.

Still, Attallah-Disgusting stands by his choice. As he told his board recently, "some of the happiest moments of my life have been those times when Mary was sitting on my lap."

FRIENDS in Academe are in a pickle over the correct nomenclature of the concert hall at the University of York.

The problem has been caused by none other than the disgraced ex-knight Jack Lyons, a man who in happier times sought academic prestige by pumping money into the university and was duly rewarded by having the hall named after him.

After he was knighted, his wife insisted he be referred to as Sir Jack Lyons on all official documents, telling business colleagues: "I want that in stone".

Unfortunately the dons took her at her word and emblazoned the outside of the concert building with huge stone letters that read "The Sir Jack Lyons Concert Hall". They are visible from all over the campus and most of Yorkshire.

Throughout the Guinness trial, the university remained loyal to its benefactor, ignoring demands for the Lyons name to be removed. But recent events leave the dons in an awkward position. Do they call in the stonemasons to chip away at the offending title? Or do they defiantly leave the "Sir" there?

"I'm playing the Maradona way!"

LYNN BARBER, the *Sindie's* queen of the killer interview, was recently asked if she would give an interview herself to Ms Jessica Berens of *Tatler* magazine.

After much nervous checking ("You won't write anything horrible will you?") she graciously agreed.

On the appointed day, however, Madame Barber sent a message to Berens cancelling the encounter at the last minute. "My daughters read *Tatler*," she explained. "I wouldn't like them to be upset by it."

Meanwhile St Anne's College, Oxford, has sent out a list of old girls whom it can no longer trace, including a 1960s undergraduate called B.L. Barber. Perhaps the Feature Writer of the Year (for it is she) might care to inform her alma mater of her whereabouts.

What, you may wonder, does the "B" stand for? It is time for Lynn's shameful secret to be revealed: Brenda.

● *HOW ON earth did the news get out that Captain Mark Phillips' New Zealand mount, Ms Heather Tonkin, had had an abortion?*

Pure luck. A stringer for the Daily Mail was talking to one of Heather's former boyfriends about Mark Phillips and brought up the name of Pamella Bordes. The boyfriend was having difficulty with the hack's pommy accent and suddenly exclaimed "Abortion? How the hell did you know that?"

The rest is history — and, of course, embarrassment for the Express with its touching story about Ms Tonkin not believing she could conceive at the time of the Captain Fog leg-over.

TO THE Groucho Club for a private dinner where, alas, I discover that the guests include Paul "Raging Bull" Pickering, the distinguished novelist and toper (see *Eyes passim*).

The evening is a civilised affair, but towards the end is marred by one of Pickering's familiar emotional eruptions. Taking offence at some innocuous remark uttered by another guest, he proceeds to empty a glass of red wine over the unfortunate fellow, and as the others move in to restrain him, decides to take them all on.

After headbutting several of the diners, Pickering is escorted into the street and bundled into a taxi. However, upon recognising his would-be passenger as a man of letters, the taxi driver orders him out of the vehicle. Pickering is last seen weaving an uncertain path down Dean Street, headbutting imaginary enemies.

CAP'N BOB'S mansion in Oxford, which he rents from the council, has since time immemorial been called Headington Hill Hall.

Not any more, I note, if last week's *Oxford Times* is to be believed: "Mr Maxwell's house Maxwell Hill Hall, is also the headquarters of Pergamon Press."

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

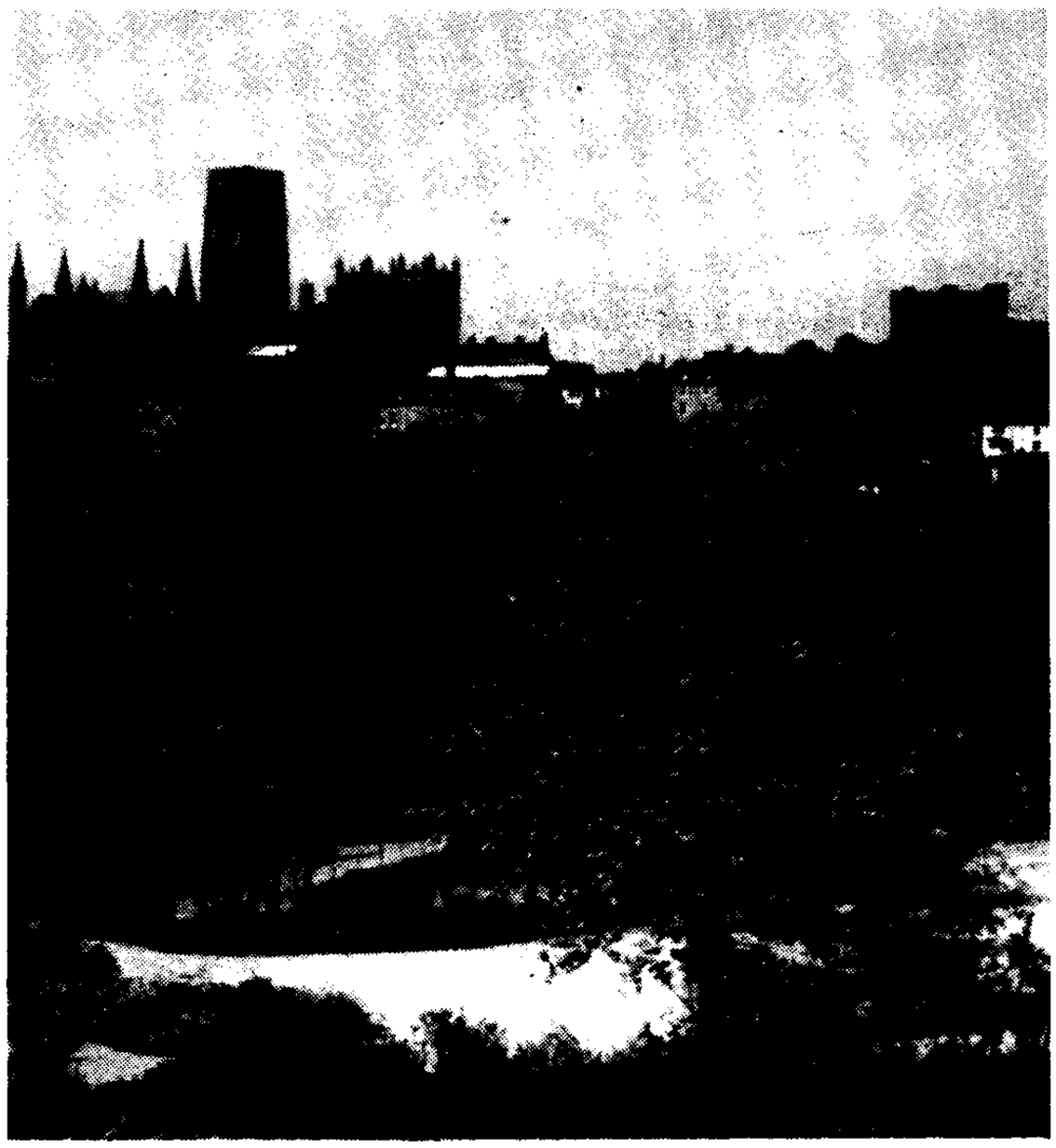
DON ROBSON, the dynamic leader of Durham County Council, has clearly been studying military strategy in his campaign to cover Aykley Heads, the precious open landscape overlooking Durham cathedral and castle, with profitable offices *(Eyes passim ad nauseam).* **Two frontal assaults having failed, Don is now planning a war of attrition, taking over the site piece by piece. Will he succeed this time?**

The first assault came in 1988 with a massive development plan for Aykley Heads. In April 1990 the then environment secretary Chris Patten served an Article 14 direction on the county council stopping it granting itself planning permission without his special authorisation. So the county council beat a tactical retreat, withdrew the planning application and then mounted a second assault with a "revised" scheme, so obviating the call-in order from Marsham Street.

However, as the new scheme was quite as monstrous as the old, provoking protests from English Heritage, the Royal Fine Art Commission and the International Council on Monuments and Sites, among others, Michael Heseltine, the new environment secretary, served another Article 14 in February calling it in.

So what does the county council do? It repeats its earlier tactics and withdraws the nine planning applications, so again avoiding an embarrassing public inquiry. Now it is pressing ahead with a scheme for just one part of Aykley Heads — which happens to be the most sensitive. For site 0.4, the county council's director of land and property, Graham Oak, has now put in a planning application for 37,000 square foot building for television studios and offices, accompanied by a 129-space car park.

Why TV studios? The answer is that Granada has its eyes on the Tyne Tees franchise and wants new prestige



headquarters with a charming backdrop of the "World Heritage Site" for interviews. But the beauty of this is that the company can deny any involvement because the developer, the landowner and the planning authority are one: Durham County Council.

Such are the virtues of Labour corporatism. Never mind that piecemeal development contravenes the Shankland Cox environmental study which the council itself commissioned and which, after two rewritings at the council's behest, argued that if there were to be any development on the site, it must be done to a comprehensive plan.

Only one obstacle remains: Mr Heseltine. Will he ignore this attempt to develop just part of an area of "great landscape value" whose totality he has already decided is so sensitive that the secretary of state himself must authorise any development? Or will he call it in to prevent this cynical and monstrous abuse of the planning system?

IN THE continuing controversy over the archdiocese of Glasgow's lightning pre-emptive strike to take out St Benedict's, Drumchapel, before it could be listed (Eye 764), one voice has been strangely silent. It is that of Father Kenneth Nugent, S.J.

For not only is Fr Ken the forceful and litigious defender of the right of the Roman Catholic Church to mutilate historic buildings regardless of the opinions of the likes of English Heritage and busybody conservation societies — as when he ripped out the baldacchino in his own church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon; he also justifies his right to pontificate on aesthetic matters because of his own architectural background, of which he is inordinately proud. And this experience was acquired when Ken worked for the Glasgow firm of Gillespie, Kidd & Coia — architects of the unfortunate church in Drumchapel.

So Fr Ken is in a unique position: able to speak both for the Roman Catholic authorities and about the work of the firm. He alone, perhaps, can shed light on the mystery of why the archdiocese acted with such precipitate ruthlessness. For is it true that the church could not be repaired? Is that because it was not, in fact, built to the architects' specifications but built on the cheap by contractors who put in an unrealistically low tender? And are the unfortunate architects being made into scapegoats for the disastrous consequences of the way the huge amount of RC building work in the 1950s and 1960s was handed out?

I do not know, and dead buildings tell no tales. But I am sure that Fr Nugent, S.J., can enlighten us all — for the sake of his old firm as well as the cause of Truth.

'Piloti'

Pseuds Corner

Quite a lot of people in the magazine world suffer from acute egomania too. But I like to think I have escaped that.

NICHOLAS COLERIDGE
Evening Standard

This concept of the bowel personality is also crucial to the issue of constipation. A lot of otherwise fit young people suffer from terrible constipation purely because they haven't established a meaningful relationship with their rectum...

If you suffer from constipation, or from any other bowel problems, the best advice is this: get to know your bowels, credit them with a bit of intelligence and try to engage them in a dialogue. Get to know their likes and dislikes and their natural routine.

DR JOHN COLLEE
Observer Magazine

I have seen her sob at rehearsals because she [Peggy Ashcroft] felt Shakespeare had maligned the character she was playing.

TREVOR NUNN
Laurence Olivier Awards

One of the strangest poetry readings of recent times took place on Friday 1 March in Windmill Street, under the aegis of gallery owner Rebecca Hossack. A dozen people clad in purple gathered beforehand for the opening of her

newly painted front door, which Leander Xavian had decorated with golden seahorses and an inscription from Tennyson's Ulysses. The poet Jeremy Read, garlanded with flowers, declaimed some specially composed verse before cutting a purple ribbon. "Poetry is very important," says Rebecca, who holds teatime readings. "I really believe that it's going to save us."

Evening Standard

Her father was called Jules-Joseph Colette, so she became Colette. It took the woman writer 25 years of having her books signed Willy, then Colette Willy, then Colette de Jouvenel, before she re-arrived at the single name Colette. It is a French girl's first name. It was her father's surname. In that combination of the masculine and the feminine, the trajectory that crosses patriarchal definitions (the father's, then the two husband's names) before you feminise your father's name, or virilise your own, Colette's extraordinary subversion of all binary and hierarchical oppositions is made manifest.

NICOLE WARD JOUVE
New Statesman

Branford Marsalis resembles his name. It's hard to forget. The family name has a royal ring to it. The given name combines originality and consonance with a touch of self-mockery. Evenly balanced, eight letters each, they divide with harmonious ambiguity into two measures of 4/4 or one of 6/8 depending on how you count. Either way it swings.

MIKE ZWERIN
International Herald Tribune

CONTRIBUTORS: Sharon Gristle, John Wardle, E. Strobes, B. Brownlee, R. Rubin, D.J. Lewis.

£10 paid for entries

FTVE

Franchise Watch 1

(London Weekend Television 1967-?)

THE REALLOCATION of the ITV franchises is best understood as the only general election in which the Government does the voting. Every seven years, Melvyn Bragg, Cilla Black, Bob Monkhouse, Ken and Deirdre Barlow, Jim Davidson and other ITV regulars are required to seek reelection for a further seven-year term.

The votes, however, are not cast by the public but by a government-appointed body: previously the IBA but now, in the franchise round decided this year, the Independent Television Commission (ITC). In the 1991 process, there will also be one further change. Previously, the franchises were awarded largely on the basis of programming plans. This time, the winner in each area will be the highest cash bid with a vague provision for the acceptance of a lower sum in cases of "exceptional quality".

In the next few columns, Square Eyes will provide a guide to the reelection prospects of the most interesting companies. But some general points are worth making.

The first is that Granada is almost bound to retain the north-west area franchise: if anyone bids higher, the ITC will use its "exceptional quality" loophole in this case. The ending of *Coronation Street* might, with 17 million viewers, be a serious electoral liability. The destruction of the company which freed the Birmingham Six (through its *World In Action* series) would also look like establishment revenge.

John Major can be expected to worry more about accusations of petty vindictiveness than Mrs Thatcher would have. Therefore, her departure also removes a political black spot from Yorkshire (Guildford Four and Stalker programmes) and Thames (*Death On The Rock*), although neither company has the kind of double-indemnity which Granada earns from its range of hit shows, which also included the middle-class drama darlings *Brideshead Revisited* and *The Jewel In The Crown*, although it should be noted that there has been nothing to equal them in the most recent franchise period.

The second necessary general observation is the way in which the Thatcher government's highest-bidder plan not only threatens to send ITV downmarket in the future but has also reduced programme quality for the last two years, as companies have pumped up their potential bid for their own skins by diverting money from the programme budget to the building society.

The third general point is that the heavyweight players already forming new franchise contenders — a Michael Green/Carlton consortium, a Branson-Frost package — can be expected to be keenest on the lucrative London transmission areas. In other words: red faces and brown trousers at London Weekend Television on the South Bank.

Can LWT hold on? Financially, the company almost certainly has a fat enough wallet to put a steep price in the sealed envelope. LWT's problem is going to come if it requires an "exceptional quality" judgement to see off either a higher original bid or a poorer but more prestigious one.

Now run by Greg Dyke, a cheery crap-for-the-masses man, the company has become most closely associated with the various eruptions of Cilla Black (*Blind Date, Surprise Surprise*) and Jeremy Beadle. Dyke would respond that peak-time populist shows are a vital part of the ITV weekend market — and, therefore, that his company is demonstrably successful — but there is populism and there is infantilism. A smart rival bidder might include in the envelope for the ITC a joke which was popular during the Gulf War. Q: If you had only two bullets and Hitler, Saddam Hussein and Jeremy Beadle were in front of you, who would you shoot? A: Jeremy Beadle. Twice. The popularity of this gag must have cultural significance.

In the area of drama, LWT was responsible for *Murder On The Moon* — in which Brigitte Nielsen played an astronaut with very big tits — and which was itself one of the biggest boobs in the history of television fiction. In the area of situation comedy, LWT produced *Bottle Boys*, a squib about milkmen which is regarded as one of the worst sitcoms in living memory. The problem is that, in all genres, LWT has just produced too many of the ultimate television no-nos.

Take *Eyewitness*, the innovative current affairs show, which had the startling idea of making boring old news "fun" by having very short items about artificial insemination presented by the various relatives of Jonathan Ross. What a pity that boring old news suddenly turned exciting, with the fall of Thatcher and a Third World War.

And guess which company has just signed up Charlie "Bonking" Althorp, brother of Princess Di, to be a reporter on *The Six O'Clock Show*, already presented by Frank "Drugs and Bonking" Bough. These two presenters were, of course, selected purely because of their hard news background.

Oh, there are, admittedly, Melvyn Bragg and Brian Walden, whom Dyke will play as his no-jokers if in a tight corner with ITC. But what if the ITC reflected that both, for all their strengths, are innovations from the late 70s and that both would be employed by other companies if LWT fell? No, Dyke had perhaps better hope for a huge, and relatively uncontested opening bid. Otherwise, he might be getting his own *Surprise Surprise*.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

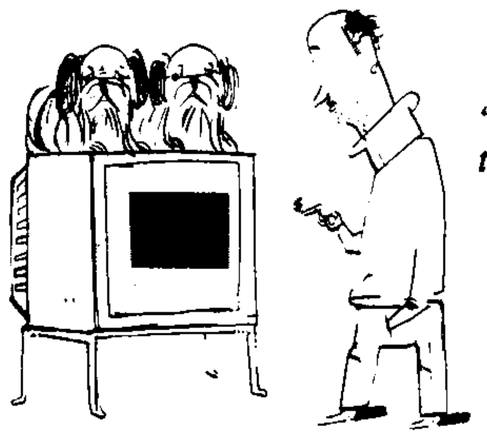
A FEVERISH lobbying campaign broke out in the BBC's close-knit "parliamentary unit" when the amiable John "Hondootedly" Cole announced his intention to retire at last from the post of political editor.

But the obvious candidates — who include Westminster veterans John Sergeant and John Harrison — have been amazed to learn that Polly Toynbee, lacklustre queen of John Birt's "social affairs unit", is preparing to don Cole's mantle (or his old overcoat, as the case may be).

La Toynbee's pending appointment solves the mystery of why she was assigned to cover John Major during the leadership election last year. The ludicrous excuse given at the time was that she "came from a political family" (she is married to tubby *Indie*-pundit Peter Jenkins). This caused uproar among both the BBC hacks — one of whom had to be talked out of resigning in disgust. Quite unchastened, TV News bosses then sent their "social affairs editor" to Moscow to pontificate on Soviet policy during the Gulf War.

The BBC's Westminster offices may have to be considerably extended to accommodate all the extra staff who will come with her. When Toynbee joined the BBC from the *Grauniad* she was given a crash course in how to be a television reporter, but very little of it seems to have sunk in. She requires the help of a large team of producers and gofers for the simplest task.

Still, her arrival would be very good news for one MP: Dr David Owen. Toynbee worships the doctor and was one of his closest allies on the ruling council of the SDP *(Who they? — Ed.)* He can now look forward to having his opinions sought by the *Nine O'Clock News* for many years to come.



"Twin Pekes on the telly again"

DURING ITS last series, Channel 4's *Hard News* had few more implacable enemies than Robin Morgan, aka "Boring Moron", the man who edited the *Sunday Getsmuchworse* for a full 10 minutes.

He reported the programme to the Broadcasting Complaints Commission for its alleged "unfairness" to him. And the hostility was mutual: the show's editor Paul Woolwich wrote a magazine article tilting at Morgan.

But how times have changed. Woolwich has decamped to Thames TV while Moron has been thrown on to the dole by *Express* proprietor Lord "Shaking" Stevens. And who should be spotted at the *Hard News* office last Wednesday afternoon, engaged in extremely friendly negotiations with the programme's owner Bernard Clark? Why, Robin Morgan...

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
SO WHAT'S OUR GUIDELINES ON PROGRAMMES? ...
BBC TELEVISION CENTRE
"WE'RE DOING A SERIES ON SEX...
Radio Times
A SECRET WORLD OF SEX
SCARFE... ON SEX
MASCULINITY
DIVORCE
WE CAN'T INFLICT ON THE VIEWERS ANY SEXUAL ORGANS THAT WILL CAUSE OFFENCE...
BBC CODE
JUST SOME PRICKS TO PRESENT THEM!"
"Trebles & naughty bits all round!"
Ken Pyne

BBC TV bosses, in between buying themselves trebles all round to celebrate their coverage of the Gulf War, are doing their best to smother their reputation as one of the country's leading pirates.

The most flagrant recent case was when Sky News hack Chris Morris, a veteran former BBC man unloaded during John Birt's Cultural Revolution, managed to shake off his MoD minders and dig up an exclusive report showing Kuwaiti troops raising their flag on their own soil for the first time since the invasion.

BBC Television News, stuck with endless our-boys-in-the-desert coverage from the heavily camouflaged Kate Adie, simply helped themselves to the pictures as they were beamed by satellite into London, erased Morris's voice and broadcast them on the *Nine O'Clock News* without reference to their origin.

Television reports sent by satellite can be recorded by any rival organisation, and only a complicated "gentleman's agreement" prevents unauthorised use. However, there are very few gentlemen among the ranks of TV executives and the BBC is now the most ruthless abuser of the system.

But John O'Loan, Sky's aggressive Aussie news chief, seems strangely reluctant to make a fuss about this daylight robbery. "It is true that the BBC used pictures that were ours," he told the *Eye* last week. "But ITN have claimed that we did the same thing. These things happen in the heat of battle."

IN THE aftermath of the BAFTA dinner and David Dimbleby's objections to the broadcasting award named after his father being given to John Pilger, one question is on everyone's lips.

Why was the voice of Jonathan Dimbleby, erstwhile investigative reporter à la Pilger, fellow CND supporter etc, not raised in support of the Australian hack?

MUSIC NEWS

THE LONDON College of Music, for more than a century the undisputed Cinderella of music education, has finally thrown in the towel.

While its one dubious claim to fame was that Lloyd-Webber pére was once its principal, its ALCM diploma is only slightly more valuable for musicians than a cycling proficiency certificate. Most students and staff only end up there if they cannot get into the serious colleges. And now, in a humiliating loss of status, the LCM is marrying itself off to Ealing College of Technology.

But does the Ealing college know what it is doing?

The LCM, according to an internal memo, is "in a desperate financial situation". This is not surprising given that it has no qualified finance officer and its management seems unfamiliar with budget control (between 1988 and 1989 concert expenses rose 1,914 percent).

Although the college's council drew up new articles and a memorandum of association in 1986 and has stuck rigidly to it ever since, it forgot to register the articles with the Companies House. Consequently many of its actions over the past five years have been *ultra vires*.

The LCM ran out of money while its Northstar computer (for electronically generated music) was being installed. Incomplete, it is utterly useless to musicians except as an extremely expensive word processor.

Last August, the LCM sacked its director of external examinations, Dr Clive Chapman, for professional misconduct. He is refusing to return the sole copies of all professional records, so the college has no accounts, contracts or details of commission on previous overseas examination tours.

Despite its poverty, the LCM has an at times cavalier attitude towards equipment. Recently it moved a grand piano "on the cheap" using a crane that had been booked to carry out building work. The driver, lacking the necessary precision, missed the open window and £25,000 worth of Steinway became £2.50 worth of scrap on the pavement below.

On average the college orchestra gives only one concert a term, usually with staff who have little or no conducting experience. For students intending to be professional orchestral players this is totally inadequate and the following joke is often repeated: What is the difference between the London College of Music Orchestra and a cow? The cow has the horns at the front and the arsehole at the back.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

SPART UPDATE

IT WAS reported last month that Vanessa Redgrave is complaining to the Security Services Tribunal about an electronic bug found in a socket at "her house in Clapham".

This news caused great merriment among certain of Miss Redgrave's former comrades in the Workers' Revolutionary Party. For the house in question — which is not Vanessa's residence but a place she uses for political meetings and suchlike — used to be the home of former Workers' Revolutionary Party leader Gerry Healy, acquired very discreetly not long before WRP members rebelled over Healy's disgusting habit of raping young women. Vanessa and her brother Corin remained loyal to the disgraced hero.

One of Healy's less well-thought moves when he was running the party (and soliciting funds from such unlikely sources as both Saddam Hussein and the Crown Prince of Kuwait) was the acquisition of an "electronics department", equipped not only to fix the computer terminals at the party organ *Newsline* but for much else besides. Healy was particularly paranoid about bugging (he sometimes insisted on holding executive meetings under the table so his comments could not be picked up by concealed microphones in the ceiling), and regularly had his premises "swept", even before public meetings.

Unfortunately he forgot to sweep the sweepers. Among the first few WRP members who decided to act against the old rapist were two trustees who were also among the few privileged to know about the leader's hideaway in Clapham. Having gone ostensibly to clear the house of bugs, they planted a couple instead, with the result that they had Comrade Gerry's sexual cavortings well taped.

Then Healy died and the Clapham bugs were all but forgotten — until last month when Vanessa turned up at the Waldorf Hotel brandishing one of them and blaming it on MI5.

PS: Tickets are still available at all prices for "Jerusalem for Reconciliation", Vanessa's Middle Eastern extravaganza at the Albert Hall on 28 April (see last *Eye*). However, the cast list for this peculiar event has changed slightly. Neither Willy Nelson nor Sinead O'Connor will be appearing after all; indeed there is some doubt that they ever agreed to turn up in the first place. Top of the bill now are Vanessa's fellow-Spart, Frances de la Tour, Benjamin Zephaniah, Kris Kristofferson, Simon Le Bon and the London Chamber Orchestra. Vanessa made a flying visit to Moscow last week to try to recruit some Soviet "artistes", but it is not certain whether any will actually come. Still, an entertaining evening is guaranteed for all...

I-SKY / BSB

You know my boss owns Sky. You also know I've never let that fact influence my views.

So it's from the heart when I say that Sky One's Sunday line-up was cracking telly.

STAR SEARCH served up another prime batch of hapless hopefuls. That Ted with the pipe-cleaner build ought to take Route 66 — not sing it.

THE SIMPSONS always crack me up. The young **21 JUMP STREET** cops took on Nazi boneheads. Then **LONESOME DOVE** rustled up more Wild West realism. Against that, ITV ran the first Cocoon film. Wow! Sky screened the *sequel* weeks ago. Raise your game chaps.

GARRY BUSHELL
The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: Rick McEwen.

Sally Deedes

DOT AND Ken Redfern have leased the buffet bar at Cheshire's Stalybridge station from British Raif since the 1970s and Dot's Diner, as it has become known, attracts visitors from miles around.

They make the round trip from Manchester to Stalybridge to enjoy the real ale, black peas and pies, and to admire the pub's authentic Victorian interior which boasts marble bars, brass taps, mirror-backed shelves, etched glass and, in front of the bar, fine painted panels depicting railway scenes from the turn of the century.

In the last two years the Redferns have spent some £15,000 to £16,000 refurbishing their kitchen. British Rail, which has never spent any money on the premises, asked the Redferns last November to sign a new lease. Since it contained a clause giving BR the right to issue a six-month notice period, the Redferns thought it best to ask whether BR had any immediate plans for the property. Absolutely not, was the reply.

A little while later, however, workmen started to paint the station and canopy. It transpired that with money from the Passenger Transport Association British Rail apparently wished to revamp Stalybridge. Then the Redferns learnt from an independent source that British Rail was featuring the brightly painted station in its "Development Opportunity Brochure".

When tackled about this BR at first denied any such plans — until it was faced with the as yet unpublished brochure. Then it backtracked rapidly. Well, yes; it was looking around for new tenders on the property — perhaps the Redferns would like to take a new lease for 15 years? That would mean a nice lump sum for BR, with rent to boot, and the Redferns would also be obliged to refurbish the other buildings! The Redferns declined this generous offer.

Stalybridge is on the inter-city line between Manchester and Newcastle and since January 6,000 people have signed a petition asking that Dot's Diner be protected in any new development. But is this just another example of British Rail shooting itself in the foot? At least half the people who signed the petition, it can safely be assumed, only took the train to Stalybridge to visit Dot's Diner.

HUSBAND

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

ACCORDING to an internal memorandum in our preposterous Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food the security and safety of citizens will be under threat from a huge rally being organised by the National Anti-Vivisection Society on Saturday 27 April.

"The connection being made between cruelty and the meat and allied trades poses a powerful threat to the livestock markets. What they have done to the fur trade they could now do to the butchers."

This is quite a compliment to the NAVS, whose main concern is the industrial torture of animals by cosmetic and pharmaceutical corporations rather than the folk who rear cattle and sheep in exchange for subsidies.

The Trafalgar Square rally seems an amiably British day out with cake stalls, fur-free fashion show, tombolas and speeches. But perhaps the boys at MAFF are being far-sighted in reckoning this gathering as an assault on their grim gulags of pointless cruelty called agriculture.

CONGRATULATIONS are due to Matthews Norfolk Farms, the world's biggest manufacturer of turkey rolls, turkey burgers and turkey kievs.

After heavy breathing from critics of his enterprise's enterprise in peeling more flesh and gristle off his carcasses than competitors found was possible, Bernard Matthew's firm has been the first to come up with a harmless euphemism for this innovative protein source. Ahead of his rivals and ahead of any EC directive, Matthews Norfolk Farms will describe this source as "Mechanically Separated" on its labels.

I predict this phrase will enter the language as a symbol of fearless entrepreneurial flair. "Mechanically separated" meat is what comes out after the fleshless carcass is churned under pressure and a paste made from the residue of sinew and bone and wiggly bits no butcher would consider.

While the story of Mechanically Recovered Meat may run and run, shares in MNF should soar and soar.

RALPH HOWELL, Conservative MP for Norfolk North, may give the impression of being a bluff unthinking yeoman farmer, but behind the clueless demeanour beats a heart of cold political steel.

Howell breaks ranks with his nimboid constituents to support the notion that new hamlets and villages are a better way to keep rural Britain populated than grotty estates tacked on to the end of existing communities.

Now the cunning Howell has spotted that the world's cereal farmers have been working in collusion to get around the evil common agricultural policy by promoting cereal substitute crops. Clever chaps, these foreigners; trying to sell us food cheaper than our own dear commissioners think proper. So Howell asked the minister to put a value on these dastardly products.

Manioc, tapioca, gluten feed germ cake, citrus pulp fruit wastes, beet pulp, sweet potatoes, brans and brewers' wastes are threatening to subvert the Brussels food rip-off by undercutting our own patriotic farmers.

The impertinent MP has also discovered that agricultural support — ie taxpayers' subsidies — totalled £56m the year we joined the community. Last year they cost £1,400 million — and that £56 million figure is adjusted to today's equivalent. No wonder the minister thinks it an admirable inheritance.

Someone should take Ralph Howell aside and offer him a peerage — or a reprimand.

JOHN Selwyn Gummer is against cheaper fish and chips. Having bent his knee to the Euro-directive to screw the fishermen, he has now confirmed his hostility to the chip, too.

"Ministers have consulted with the farmers' unions about the support arrangements to apply for the 1991-92 year. Ministers have decided that the guaranteed price should be £53 per tonne. They have authorised the board to decide whether it wishes to support the market by entering into pre-season contracts with producers or by intervening directly. Purchases will not exceed 500,000 tonnes and the registered potato plantings is fixed at 154,000 hectares."

This bureau-speak translates quite easily. "I had a good lunch at the Savoy with the NFU. We agreed to block cheaper imports and to keep the lads in clover. Who cares about the consumers, they aren't important."

Can Britain ever be a classless society while there are those who have potato growing authorisation — ie a licence to receive money — and there are those who haven't?

Sporting Life

THE demise of Goffs' bloodstock auction business continues to arouse pain, surprise and delight.

When in the recent Irish trade fair supplement of the *Racing Post* the Goffs managing director Philip Myerscough put the boot into his predecessor Jonathan Irwin, saying that his regime catered for only a "tiny group" of people, he neglected to mention that even a minute group was better than the even smaller number who patronised the Myerscough-run Million sale last October which resulted in drastically reduced profits.

But according to Myerscough all this will change in the tough streamlined operation Goffs has become.

Streamlined is a euphemism to describe sacking staff to try to ease the company's cash flow problems. Last month seven maintenance and ground staff at the sales complex at Kill were made redundant — a regrettable but necessary aspect of his "rationalisation programme", declared Myerscough. What he did not disclose was that one them was the company's 50-year-old chief electrician Michael Moore, a father of six who has given Goffs unstinting and high-class service for the last 15 years. Moore had been given no warning and was both devastated and not greatly consoled by his derisory £8,000 brush-off payment. His departure meant that initially there was nobody who knew how to work the electronic sales board or the front security gate. For the first time in its history Goffs now faces industrial action from the Irish Electricians Union.

Those employees still on the payroll were then bemused by the appearance of a wild-eyed Myerscough in the staff canteen, where he issued an edict that in future no member of the workforce would be allowed more than one pork or lamb chop or one spoonful of vegetables per portion. He was unable to confirm whether or not senior management would adhere to the same rule.

One man who it is hard to imagine confining himself to nothing but a light salad at mealtimes is old Dr Death himself, Dr Michael Dargan, the principal agent of Goffs destruction. On the Friday before Cheltenham he was seen enjoying an apparently top drawer lunch with none other than Kenneth Watt, co-chairman of arch rival bloodstock house Tattersalls. What, one wonders, did they discuss so secretively? Was the word "merger" in the air? Does Myerscough know about it? And given that they were in the delectable surroundings of London's Berkeley Hotel and not the staff canteen, did the doctor allow himself one pork chop or two?

'Major Bonkers'

Letters

Gabled versions

Sir,

Gerry Gable is being less than honest in his letter (Eye 763). He might not have been convicted of burglary (ie breaking in) but he **did** *plead guilty to being in possession of a stolen GPO pass card and trying to use it to trick his way into the flat of historian David Irving. He appears to have changed his tune. Since in the* JEWISH CHRONICLE *in October 1987 he was "...still fiercely proud of his conviction".*

Finally, to settle the matter once and for all, I suggest Mr Gable re-reads the London EVENING STANDARD *of 28 November 1963. Perhaps he could write a letter* **after** *he has refreshed his memory.* SEARCHLIGHT *may be respected in some circles, but given the increasing knowledge of the magazine's links with the police, these circles are ever decreasing.*

Yours fraternally,
PAUL FOUNTAIN,

Sheffield.

Sir,

I am writing to lend support to my dear old friend Gerry Gable's reputation as an honest, decent law-abiding citizen (Letters, Eye 763).

Of course he has never been convicted of burglary. It was breaking and entering with intent to steal. Any suggestion that this amounts to the same thing must be rejected as lie-mongering filth. When Gerry broke into David Irving's flat in 1963, only nocturnal activities of this kind were legally termed "burglary".

Hats off to Private Eye for so firmly distancing itself from this astonishing inaccuracy in Mr Sherman's original letter. Let's hope there will never again be aspersions cast on the total, utterly undeniable integrity of SEARCHLIGHT *and its publisher, one of the Great Philanthropists of our age.*

Yours anti-fascistically,
S.B. NARK,

London NW10.

Sir,

I was astonished to read the outraged reply from Gerald Gable (763) made in response to an earlier letter from Michael Sherman of Western Goals. Mr Gable answered the accusations made against him with a series of half-truths. I and others will be interested to see if you are prepared to allow the whole truth to be discussed.

While it is true that Mr Gable does not have a conviction for burglary, he does have a conviction for "entry by artifice". Of course, he may wish to argue that people who seek to con their way into a home are in some way morally or technically superior to the average burglar. I should be most interested to learn of his views on this point. His conviction has been reported in both the EVENING STANDARD *and the* JEWISH CHRONICLE. *Indeed Mr Gable told the* JC *in an interview published on 23 October 1987 that he was "proud" of his conviction. Why so coy now?*

While it is true that Harry Bidney had no convictions relating to sexual crimes against young men he was not the hero figure that Mr Gable implies. He was a convicted pimp and his case involving the renting of premises to prostitutes set a precedent in English law.

Before giving craven apologies under unusual neutral headings in the future, why don't you find out the full facts?

Yours faithfully,
PATRICK HARRINGTON,

London SW7

Sir,

I was most interested to read Gerry Gable's letter in Eye 763, wherein he defends the reputation of SEARCHLIGHT magazine and of the late Harry Bidney.

Gerry Gable is quite right when he states that Mr Bidney had no convictions for "sex crimes against young men". However, I wonder if he can tell us whether the Harry Bidney of Vernon Road, Bow, who appeared in court in 1977 is the one and same Bidney who played such a sterling role in the creation of the 62 Group and of SEARCHLIGHT. Bidney was fined £1,600 after being found guilty of eight charges of living off the earnings of prostitutes.

David Calderhead, his partner in the Coffee Pot in Berwick Street, was jailed for attempting to procure a 16-year-old boy for an act of gross indecency with a man. Harry Bidney certainly had a long acquaintance with the less savoury side of Soho. Even in Martin Walker's 1977 book on the National Front (with Gerry Gable listed gratefully in the acknowledgements) we read that in the early 1960s Bidney had been manager of the Limbo Club in Soho and that he was "a man with close contacts throughout the British underworld".

Readers might like to read the curious obituary of Harry Bidney in the September 1984 issue of SEARCHLIGHT, one of the strangest obituaries I have ever read. While the writer (presumably Gable) dwells at length on Bidney's role in fighting neo-fascism, there is not a word about his career, his occupation. Gable comments with the following rather sinister words: "There are sides to Harry that people never saw and never appreciated."

I hope that you will find space to publish this letter so that Gerry Gable might take the opportunity to comment on these points.

Yours faithfully,
DONALD F. KING,

St Albans, Herts.

Sir,

Gerry Gable's letter conceals more than it reveals. On the issue of "Maggie's Militant Tendency", he is too modest by half.

Does he deny that this PANORAMA programme cost the BBC half a million pounds? No. Does he deny he was the main researcher for the show? No! He merely blurs the issue with clever wording. It is a matter of fact that three other researchers for the show gave their addresses in the subsequent court case as that of SEARCHLIGHT magazine also.

Mr Gable and pals did not produce the programme, neither did they decide to broadcast it. But they cannot in all honesty deny having anything to do with it.

Harry Bidney's criminal past is also a matter of public record rather than politically motivated conjecture.

The tone of Mr Gable's letter seems to be: how dare you allow anyone to take a swipe at me? Don't you know the only people who don't like me are fascists?

Well, as one who rejects both political extremes, I would argue that PRIVATE EYE should not give a platform to Gable's form of ultra-left hypocrisy.

Yours faithfully,
ALAN LOWNIE,

Edinburgh.

● GERRY GABLE REPLIES NEXT ISSUE

Millipedes

Sir,

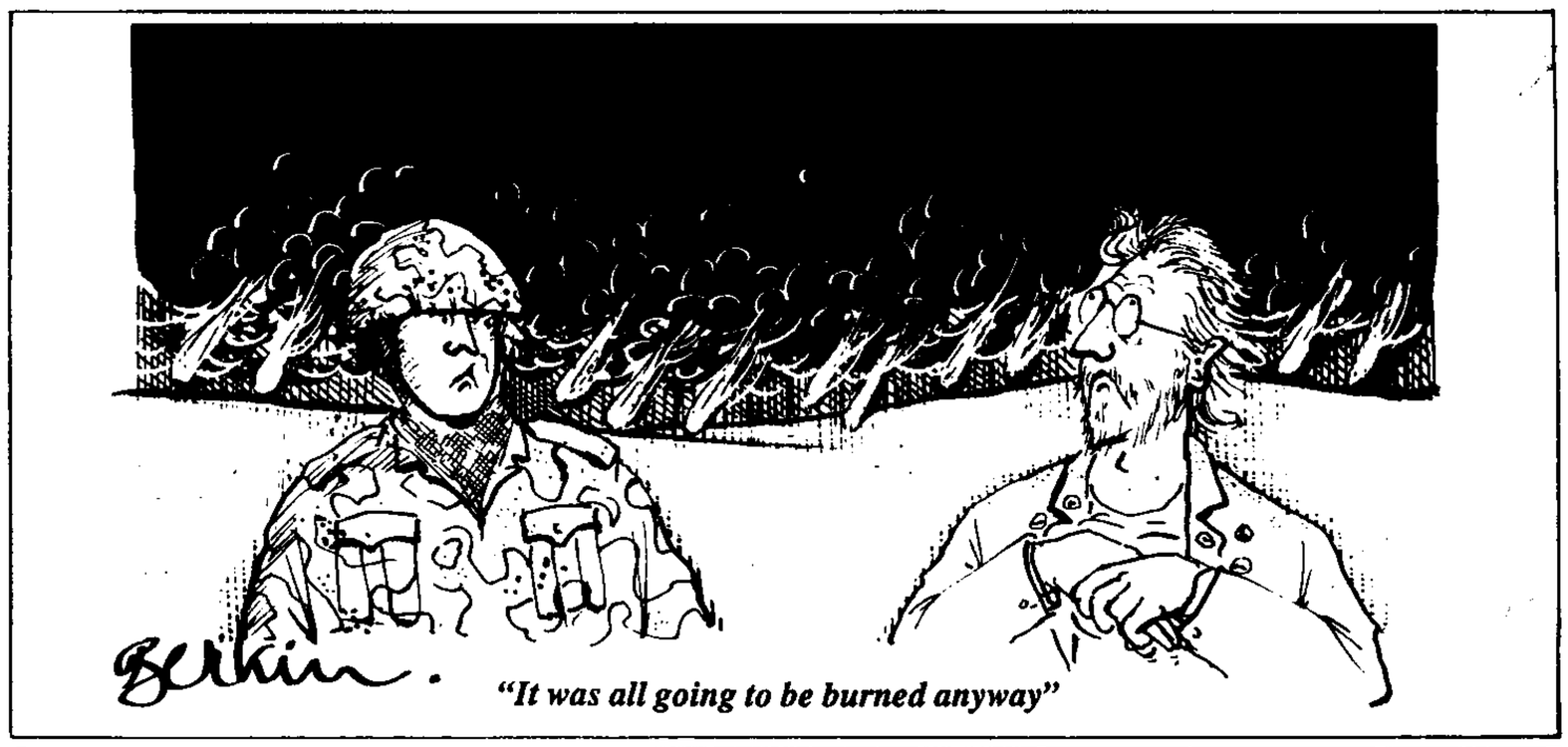
Is an organisation like UK2000 — an active partnership of six national voluntary organisations with more than 50,000 volunteers working on over 1,000 environmental projects saving woodlands, running recycling schemes, restoring canals and improving inner cities — really that "strange"?

But how strange to read that Richard Branson, who to this day remains President of UK2000, resigned from the job shortly after being appointed four years ago.

Some mistake, surely?

Yours faithfully,
REBECCA RENDLE,

UK2000, London N1.



"It was all going to be burned anyway"

Patriotic

Sir,

Why were you whingeing about the performance in the Gulf of the Raytheon Corporation's Patriot missile system (Eye 764)? Even ardent pacifists must have approved of its use because its sole purpose is to negate other attacking missiles, which task it achieved many times over to the undoubted intense relief of the inhabitants of Tel Aviv and Riyadh.

The fact that Patriots ARE actually capable of hitting speeding Scuds at all is pretty remarkable; who's quibbling if it was the fuel tanks that got hit? The warheads can't go very far without them.

Many would-be victims of Saddam Hussein owe their lives to the Patriot system which, at a stretch, could be called a weapon of peace, unlike many British-built devices used to such fearsome effect.

Yours faithfully,
MARTIN BRADLEY,

Hampton, Middx.

Oil slick

Sir,

It is hardly fair to suggest that a Scud missile warhead "continues on its way" after a Patriot has only blown its backside off (Eye 764, p5). For a start, the Patriot wasn't originally designed for anti-missile defence. And even if the warhead is not detonated in mid-air it falls on to nearby ground, which will generally be less densely populated or of less strategic value than the intended target.

Certainly many allied bombs missed their targets. Even today it's very much hit and miss, which is why we needed so many bombs and why the smart bombs were used against vital targets and in built-up areas. I'll bet 30 percent is the best score in any bombing campaign yet.

Yours faithfully,
Dr. A.J.M. GARRETT,

Department of Physics and Astronomy, University of Glasgow.

Lookalike

Lincoln Imp

Nigel Lawson

Sir,

I thought you might be interested in publishing this picture of the "Lincoln Imp" — if you agree with me that the likeness to our one-time Chancellor is quite amazing. In case you do not see the resemblance — I refer to Nigel Lawson.

Yours faithfully,
MRS CHRISTINA HALVERSON,

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Scud marks

Sir,

In your issue 764, you reveal that only 7 percent of all bombs dropped in the recent Gulf conflict were "smart weapons". You then speculate as to where 70 percent of the old, less accurate weapons, that missed altogether, may have landed. The reader is led to believe that many may have caused civilian casualties or collateral damage in the military's TCP jargon.

The likelihood is that most exploded harmlessly in the desert. In this article your accuracy was Scud-like. The military need to be questioned; if this is not done objectively they will always hide disturbing information such as you revealed behind claims of press bias. One of the reasons I am such a fan of your magazine is its normal objectivity. I sincerely hope it will soon return.

Yours faithfully,
SIMON J. HAMER,

Warnham, W. Sussex.

Any old irony

Sir,

I telephoned your office when I saw Miss Hilary Muggridge's ironic expression of gratitude to Mrs Thatcher (in a letter to the Times) included under OBN but was assured by the loyal employee who took my call that the letter must have been genuinely adulatory. I took the liberty of communicating with Miss Muggridge to inquire if this was so, or whether irony had been intended. It turned out I was correct in assuming the latter.

I'm only 62 and hope that when I myself become old I won't keep missing the point.

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL PICKERING,

London NW11.

Organic chemistry

Sir,

Re Piloti's article in Eye 764 praising Gillespie Kitld and Coia. Could I offer the following experiences of church buildings designed by them? As a church musician I have played in:

● John Ogilvie Chapel — demolished after expensive and ineffective roof repairs;

● St Bride's, East Kilbride — campanile demolished for safety reasons;

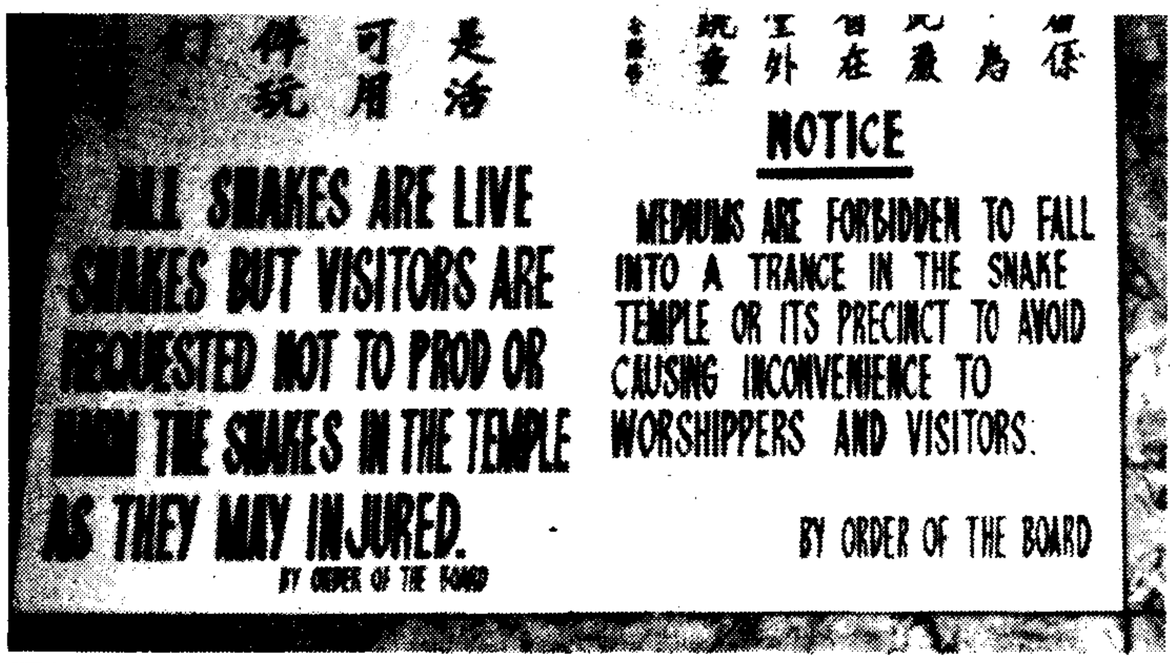
● St Benedict's Drumchapel — now demolished as no specialist firm could guarantee the projected roof repairs.

I did not manage to play the organ at St Peter's Cardross before it degenerated into an unusable ruin. (It = the building.)

I realise this is merely anecdotal evidence. Those who would like the view of a professional architect are referred to the articles and correspondence by Tom Markus (emeritus professor of architecture, Strathclyde University) in The Independent and Glasgow Herald of the last week of March.

Yours sincerely
M.G. FERGUSON,

Glasgow.


ALL SNAKES ARE LIVE
SNAKES BUT VISITORS ARE
REQUESTED NOT TO PROD OR
HARM THE SNAKES IN THE TEMPLE
AS THEY MAY INJURED.
BY ORDER OF THE BOARD
NOTICE
MEDIUMS ARE FORBIDDEN TO FALL
INTO A TRANCE IN THE SNAKE
TEMPLE OR ITS PRECINCT TO AVOID
CAUSING INCONVENIENCE TO
WORSHIPPERS AND VISITORS.
BY ORDER OF THE BOARD

I-SPY

Penang, Malaysia

Submitted by Dan Boyde. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Notable

Sir,

Strange "Piloti" should assume Natsume Soseki must be "deeply obscure" because he's Japanese.

Apart from the fact that more than a dozen of his books are available in English, in paperback, his face must be extremely familiar to millions of people who are obliged to handle Japanese folding stuff.

His is the face on the 1,000 Yen note.

Yours faithfully,
TONY BARRELL,

Balmain, NSW, Australia.

Nanky Poo-poohed

Sir,

It may be news to John Gibson of Northwood in Middx, but Japanese culture did infiltrate "the West".

Gilbert & Sullivan wrote the Mikado. The impressionist painters acknowledged the influence of Japanese art. Some Britons even wear kimonos and not housecoats. Few Britons have — as yet — committed harakiri, though some of a recent performance of TURANDOT *might have instilled an urge for this form of self-immolation.*

So, sayonara then to your Northwood correspondent.

Yours faithfully,
W.P. JASPERT,

London NW3.

In the nose

Sir,

Unlike your correspondent Toby Sculthorp, I enjoy your "sneering campaign" against Paul Johnson and his ilk. The DAILY MAIL always pretends to be SO *reasonable, whilst disguising a* SUN*-like bigotry beneath this veneer. Old "Carpet Chewer" (aka Loony Bins) is merely a higher profile "foamer" than the rest of the Why-Oh-Why brigade.*

Some of Private Eye's articles get up my nose (like Old Muckspreader sneering at the global warming lobby...) but if you started taking people's feelings into account, you would end up like the rest of Fleet Street — full of pap and crap.

Yours faithfully,
BRIN SNOWDON,

Newbury, Berks.

Ickeonoclast

Sir,

I write protesting, to Socrates and Mrs Mercouri, about the flagrant stealing of the famous "Icke Marbles" from Britain recently. These marbles, although sadly perished and neglected, are still fondly remembered here, especially by St David's former political allies, the Turquoise Party. Beware of Greeks bearing grudges.

Yours faithfully,
MIKE DALY,

Brighton.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"And 1st division Luton have haunted themselves with their own play."
TONY GUBBA, BBC1
(John Cooper)

"They've pinpointed a date for the concert — it's sometime between June and September..."
SIMON BATES, RADIO 1
(E. McNicoll)

"We're both agreed — we'll do the programme from Bogota, Columbia, when New Kids are on the Block there..."
SIMON BATES, RADIO 1
(E. McNicoll)

"And again the game's turned round on its head."
TREVOR BROOKING, BBC 1
(Michael Grosvenor-Myer)

"So nip up to the loft and check out your old singles to see if there are any that were played a lot on the radio, but you never got round to buying."
GARY KING, RADIO 1
(Philip Childs)

"A scrum to Ireland, who have their tails up right under the Welsh crossbar."
RADIO 5
(Ken Wilson)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from **Orkney**

from Our Own Correspondent

IN SOME respects life in Orkney is wonderfully different. The post, like the newspapers, arrives in the afternoon; Sunday newspapers are delivered on Monday; theft and vandalism are virtually unknown.

Sadly, though, the social services department in the Orkney Islands Council has proved itself as grossly insensitive and incompetent as its counterparts in Cleveland and Rochdale on the mainland.

When social workers received an anonymous letter claiming that three families, all incomers (English people living in Orkney) and their local priest (a New Zealander), had allowed children to take part in black magic rituals of a sexual nature, ordinary folk might have been suspicious. But not our trained social workers.

With the help of McKnacker they snatched nine children from their beds at dawn. Screaming and struggling, they were flown — by aeroplane, it should be stressed — to the mainland for their own "safety". Some, as young as five, were not even allowed to take a teddy-bear with them for comfort.

For the next four weeks they were forbidden from communicating with family or friends. Family homes were searched and anything remotely connected with witchcraft was confiscated. This included a Ngaio Marsh novel with a picture of a goat's head on the cover. It is now impossible here to find anyone who will admit even to having heard of Dennis Wheatley, and James Herbert novels are being outsold by *The European.* Almost everyone — including Highlands and Islands MP Winnie Ewing — believed the accused families were innocent and all were, like Winnie, willing to say so publicly.

Outrage mounted rapidly, with social services trying to justify its actions. We were promised proof that the children had taken part in ritualistic dancing to music provided by a stereo system on a trailer. This was supposed to have happened in a field outside the beautiful village of St Margaret's, but the spirits invoked must have been powerful indeed because desperate appeals, including full-page adverts in our local paper, failed to produce a single witness.

(One timid old lady did complain about her neighbours who were Iron Maiden fans. They had no children and so were allowed to keep their album covers and hand-decorated leather jackets.)

Next came a report from the pressure group Parents Against Injustice which showed social services had completely ignored good practice guidelines nine times. The report was dismissed by Councillor Mairhi Trickett as "a waste of time". "Social workers are not monsters," she said, "they are caring individuals, nice men and women."

So nice, in fact, that people here have now started to lock their doors at night. Not because they're afraid of being burgled; they're terrified they too might wake up to find these "nice men and women" at their bedsides. But locking doors is pointless when social workers are adept at snatching children off the streets or from school during lessons.

Meanwhile the children's future was being decided by a childrens' panel chaired by Gordon Sloan, a man well known for his willingness to listen to others' opinions if they concur with his own. His criticism of our wonderful social services was, er, low-key; so low-key, in fact, that his contribution at the last hearing consisted almost entirely of threatening to eject anyone who tried to produce evidence that would show what a bunch of idiots were in charge of the cases.

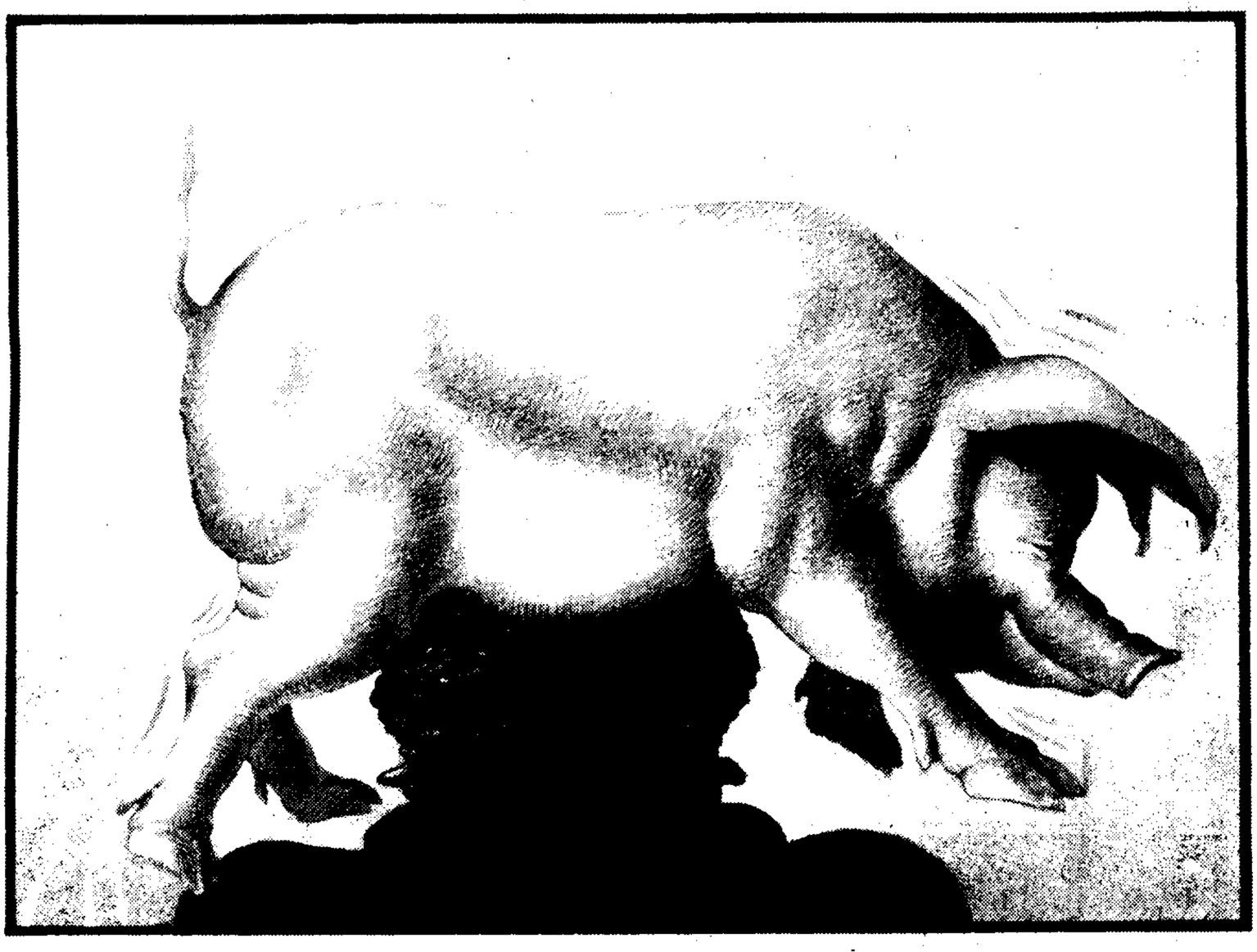
Now the children have been reunited with their parents — God alone knows the damage caused by the violent separation — and the damning comments of Sheriff David Kelbie have been widely reported, opinion here is divided: between those who cannot forgive social services for forcing children to admit that they listen to Kylie Minogue; and those who blame them for causing Esther Rantzen to fly here last week. (Much to our surprise, she too flew by aeroplane.)

Though mass resignations are being demanded, the old pals act is in overdrive and applications for social services vacancies may be premature. The Scottish secretary has already said he is not happy with the verdict, though it is not clear what this means. Perhaps he means he is delighted that innocent parents and children are now reunited and that all who were involved should now admit to being incapable of doing their jobs. But this is unlikely.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

TRUE STORIES

Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN



INTERVIEWED after leaving her husband's bedside at Arad General Hospital, Romania, Mrs Josa Carei said: "Fibis, my husband, was too squeamish to slaughter our pig, Googo, in the normal way, so he decided to use electricity and wired up a mat of chicken wire to the local power line.

"After some time Googo walked over the wire mat and shot ten feet into the air. Unfortunately, he landed on top of Fibis, and then, because I was so busy reviving him, Googo ran off and has not been seen since."

SPEAKING in mitigation of his client's offence, Mr Colin Chesterton admitted that Mr Prince had thrown a turkey at a friend in a fit of ill-temper, but the present case was quite different.

"Mr Prince was unloading tools from his van, one of which was an axe. At this moment a group of children passed by and began shouting out that Mr Prince could no more use an axe than he could drive a train.

"Annoyed by this, Mr Prince swung the axe at a nearby tree and took a large chunk out of it and at once a member of the public reported the matter to the police.

"To make matters worse," said Mr Chesterton, "Mr Prince is a convinced 'Green' and was, in fact, wearing his National Trust badge at the time of the incident."

Fined £50.

THE EDITOR of the Bellshill Speaker has apologised to Mr Jason Kerr for stating that he came from an "appalling family background" when they should have said he came from an "appalling criminal background".

THE APPEAL Court at Ras Al Katham has confirmed the prison sentences imposed on Bastar el Abbas, his wife Siran and their two sons, Bakae and Jawb.

"They are a family of incorrigible thieves," Judge Al Ethama said. "The head of the family, Bastar (92), his wife (83) and their sons (68 and 67 respectively) were caught, with three cousins, as yet unidentified, loading up a donkey-cart with hi-fi equipment and greengroceries at 3.00 am in front of the Plenty For All supermarket in Al Sih.

"Later, the police seized over 5,000 pieces of stolen property from a desert cave near Al Katham where the family has been living for some years. When arrested, the patriarch said: 'We have no pensions, what else are we to do? America has all the money.' "

He and his wife were fined Dh 500, on account of their age. Their sons were given two years (suspended) each, and the unidentified cousins were sentenced to 10 years each *in absentia*.

MR GARY Doughty, an Australian jockey, has been fined $100 for kicking his horse, Lord Chickton, in the stomach, after it threw him on his way to the starting gate.

THE ZIMBABWE Security Service has dismissed rumours of an attempt on President Mugabe's life by members of its own force who were guarding the Presidential Boeing 707.

"What happened was this," said a spokesman. "The security guard on duty the night before the flight fired his shotgun through the roof of the plane while he was showing his cousin, a young lady, the presidential suite.

"Not wishing to alarm anyone, he patched up the hole with sticky tape. When the pilot started to pressurise the plane next day, the truth came out."

INFORMATION: Timasoara News 7.1.91; Express & Echo 15.11.90; Bellshill Speaker 18.1.91; Gulf Gazette 11.12.90; Melbourne Age 12.12.90; Harare 4.2.91.

MONITORS: Simon Lanyon, Steve Hardaker, Anne-Marie Kane, Helen Macelwaine, Dr A.D. & Mrs J.M. Atkinson, A. Desmond.

O.B.N.

Sir James Anderton, CBE, QPM, DL, who received his knighthood in this year's Honours List, has stated his intention to retire (operative in July).

No officer will ever begrudge this award to him and his departure from the Greater Manchester Force will be a loss to the Police Service in general and to the people of Greater Manchester in particular.

His sense of humour, which I have personally encountered, was marvellous and as an After Dinner Speaker he could not be bettered.

GOOD LUCK, GOOD HEALTH IN THE FUTURE TO SIR JAMES.

999 Emergency Services Publication

I do not know why Patrick McGowan is being so rude about the Prime Minister's overcoat, which in fact is stylish and wholly up to date.

I have a similar coat myself which is navy blue with leather buttons and epaulettes in the style of a British warm. It has been much admired. I bought it at Marks and Spencer.

Perhaps I may remind Mr McGowan that not so long ago I was voted one of the best dressed men of the year.

LORD ST JOHN OF FAWSLEY
Letter to Evening Standard

World would love another you, Di

(Though no child could ever grow
to be so perfect)

The Princess of Wales has admitted she would like a daughter but says, wistfully: "I'm not sure the world is ready yet for another one of me."

We are, Di, we are. We think you're just gorgeous.

EDWINA CURRIE
Today

Submitted by David Fletcher, John Woolford, James Barber.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

"Right lads, we screwed up on the Birmingham Six but, damnit, we'll get the Famous Five!"

The Kurds

– an apology from The Rt. Dishonourable Douglas Hurd

In common with all other politicians, we the British Government may from time to time in recent months have given the impression that the genocide of the Kurdish people by President Saddam Hussein was a crime of international importance, and a major justification for our going to war with the "Hitler of Baghdad".

Statements such as "Remember Halabje?", "Saddam — The Kurd Killer" and "Why This Proud People Must Not Suffer Any Longer" may have suggested to the Kurdish people that their being gassed by President Hussein was a matter of concern to people in the West.

We now acknowledge that President Hussein is fully entitled to do anything he likes to the Kurds or indeed anyone else within his borders. We further acknowledge that if he wishes to kill hundreds of thousands of Kurdish citizens, this is none of our business, and is a matter for him and him alone, which is all that is likely to be left of Iraq by the time he's finished.

DOUGLAS KURD
Foreign Secretary

Gulf War Aims —

An Apology from the Editor of the *Guardian* and others

IN RECENT months the *Guardian* may have inadvertently published a number of editorials stating that nothing was more important to remember than that the aims of the allied intervention in the Middle East were limited only to the expulsion of Iraqi forces from Kuwait.

We may on occasion have seemed to argue that any attempt by the American military to interfere in the internal affairs of Iraq would be a gross violation of UN resolutions. Headlines such as "Bush Must Not Go To Baghdad", "Rein In Stormin' Norman" and "The Iraqi Army Must Be Allowed To Escape Honourably From US Holocaust" may have erroneously led readers to suppose that we in some way were opposed to any extension of the allied war aims to include direct action against President Saddam Hussein.

We now realise that President Bush was totally wrong to stop the war, and should have ordered General Schwarzkopf to nuke Baghdad, string up Saddam Hussein and immediately set up a democratic regime in Iraq.

The Editor, *The Grauniad*

Other Apologies In Brief

Turkey

Not as suggested "loyal Nato ally, important regional friend and vital future member of the EEC" but in fact "brutal military dictatorship and police state run by a bunch of fat moustachioed sadists like the one in *Midnight Express* and definitely not a place to go on holiday".

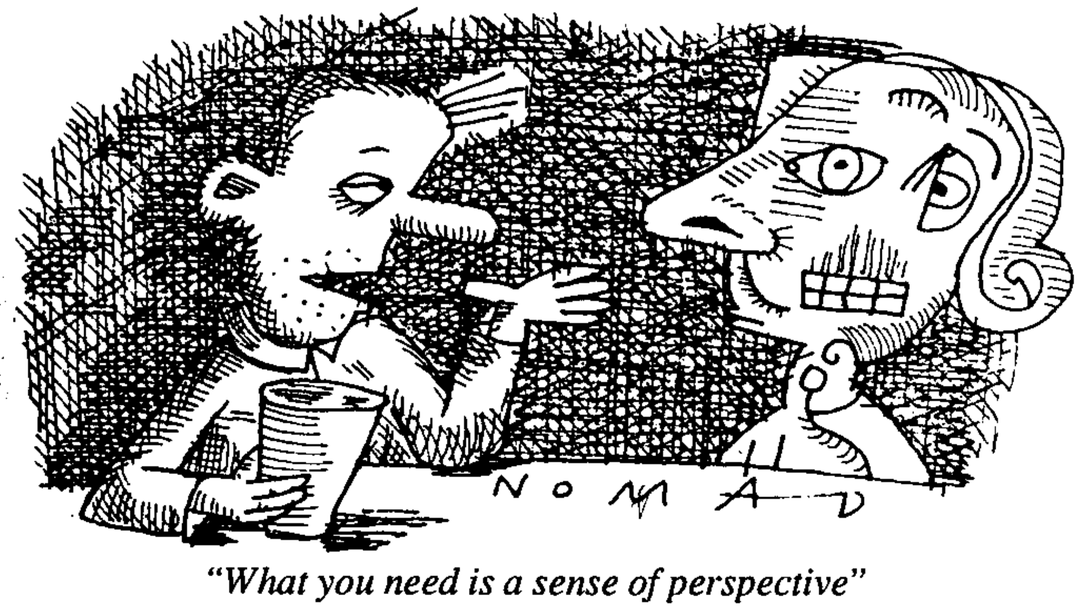
France

Not "slimy, cynical, garlic-eating opportunists sucking up to Saddam" but "the only country in the civilized world brave enough to put the Kurds on the UN agenda".

The United Nations

Not "positive force for good in new world order" but "spineless tool of American foreign policy incapable of

(That's enough apologies. Ed.)



"What you need is a sense of perspective"

Hattersley lashes 'ditherer Major'

by Our Political Staff
Sir Alan Watneys

IN A shock outburst today, Mr Roy Hattersley, the *Guardian* columnist, savagely attacked the Prime Minister for being "a grey man who has no real convictions and is solely interested in exercising power".

Speaking at a huge lunch, Mr Hattersley went on: "Mr Major is like a gigantic jelly. He sits there spluttering and puffing like an overblown balloon, agreeing with everyone and saying anything that he thinks will make him popular.

"He is the sort of man," Mr Hattersley went on, "who might even suck up to the Muslims if he thought it would win him a few votes in his Birmingham constituency."

Mr Hattersley concluded with an astonishing and unprovoked attack on a plate of profiteroles, which he described as "excellent", and the best he had had since dinner the night before.

Mr Hattersley is 47½ stone.

TODAY'S TV (all channels)

7.00	Inspector Morse
8.00	Inspector Wexford
9.00	Inspector Van der Valk
10.00	Inspector Poirot
11.00	Inspector Maigret (rpt)
12.00	Inspector Columbo
1.00	Inspector Sherlock Holmes
2.00	Inspector Miss Marples
3.00	Inspector Lovejoy
4.00	Inspector Spender
5.00	Inspector The Sweeney (rpt)
6.00	Inspector Taggart
7.00	Inspector Morse

(That's more than enough detectives. Ed.)

TV Highlights

Thursday, BBC2, All Night

The Marriage of Figaro

The controversial new production from Glyndebourne, set in a police station in Oxford. Inspector Figaro investigates how Mozart has been hijacked by yet another idiot setting it in a ludicrous period.

CAST IN FULL

INSPECTOR FIGARO . . . . . Janet Baker
SERGEANT CHERUBINO . . . . . Robert Tear
CHERUBINO'S MISSUS . . Dame Kiri te Kanawa

Friday, Channel 4, All Night

Il Nazi di Figaro

The controversial new production from Glyndebourne, set in a Harlem occupied by the Nazis, with Obergruppenführer Figaro and MC "Cool" Cherubino, the rapper who *(That's enough terrible opera. Ed.)*

London "Zoo" — shut down fears

by our Environmental Staff **Lunchtime O'Zoos**

ONE of the world's oldest animal houses is in danger of closure unless further public funds can be found to support it.

For hundreds of years the Houses of Parliament, in the heart of London, have attracted millions of visitors from all over the world. In its heyday there would be long queues outside to witness the antics of the inmates.

Especially popular was the weekly Prime Minister's Feeding Time, when MPs would feed the PM easy questions and then clap their hands whilst making grunting and whooping noises.

Threatened

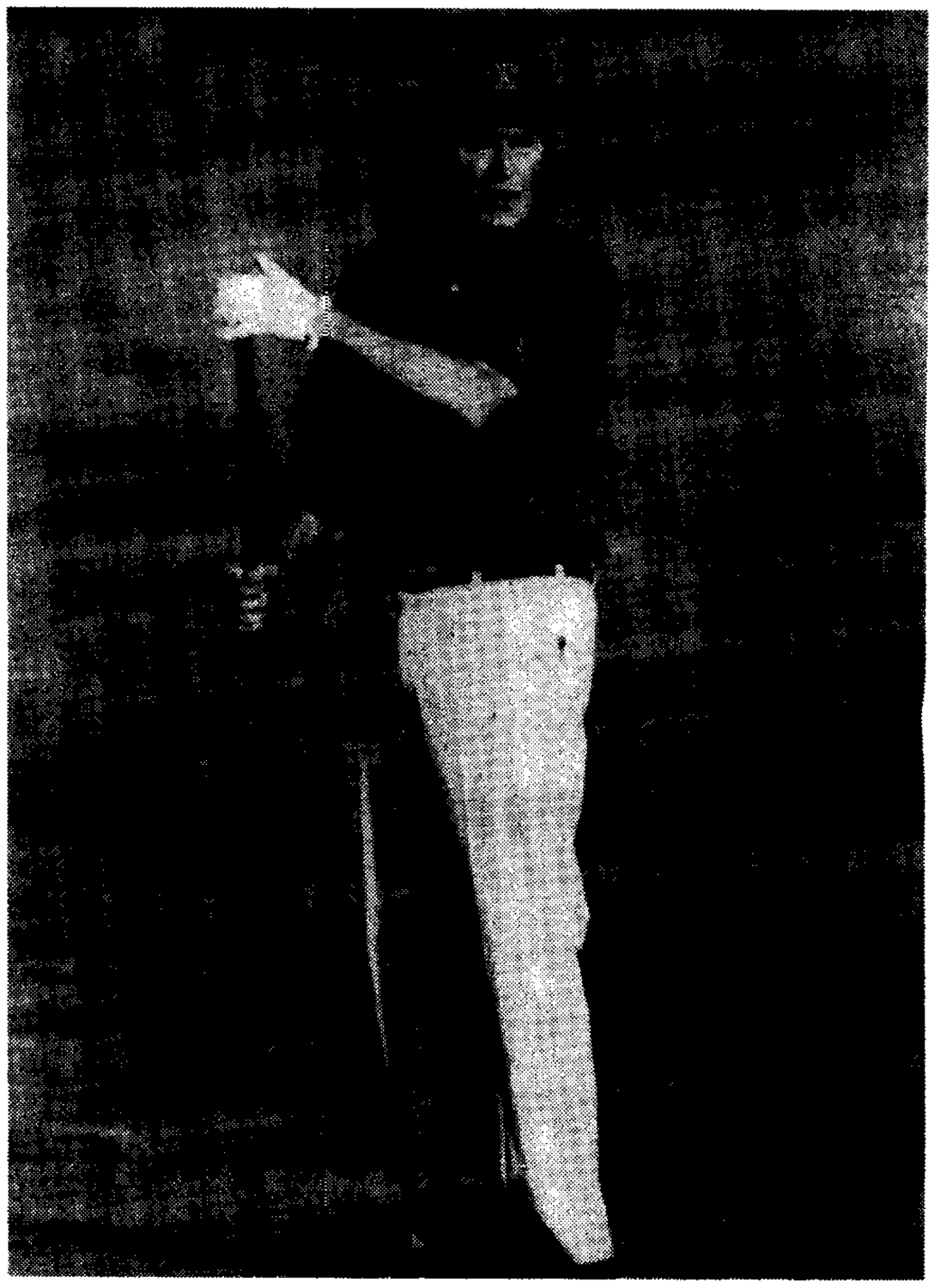
Another major draw was the famous Reptile House, an upstairs gallery specially built to contain hundreds of journalists chattering and scratching each others' backs. Visitors' children were often embarrassed by some of their personal gestures.

ZOO LAWLEY

An environmental spokesman Dr. Christine Barkworth said today: "We have all seen MPs on television. There is no need to keep them huddled together in Victorian conditions. We should close the whole place down."

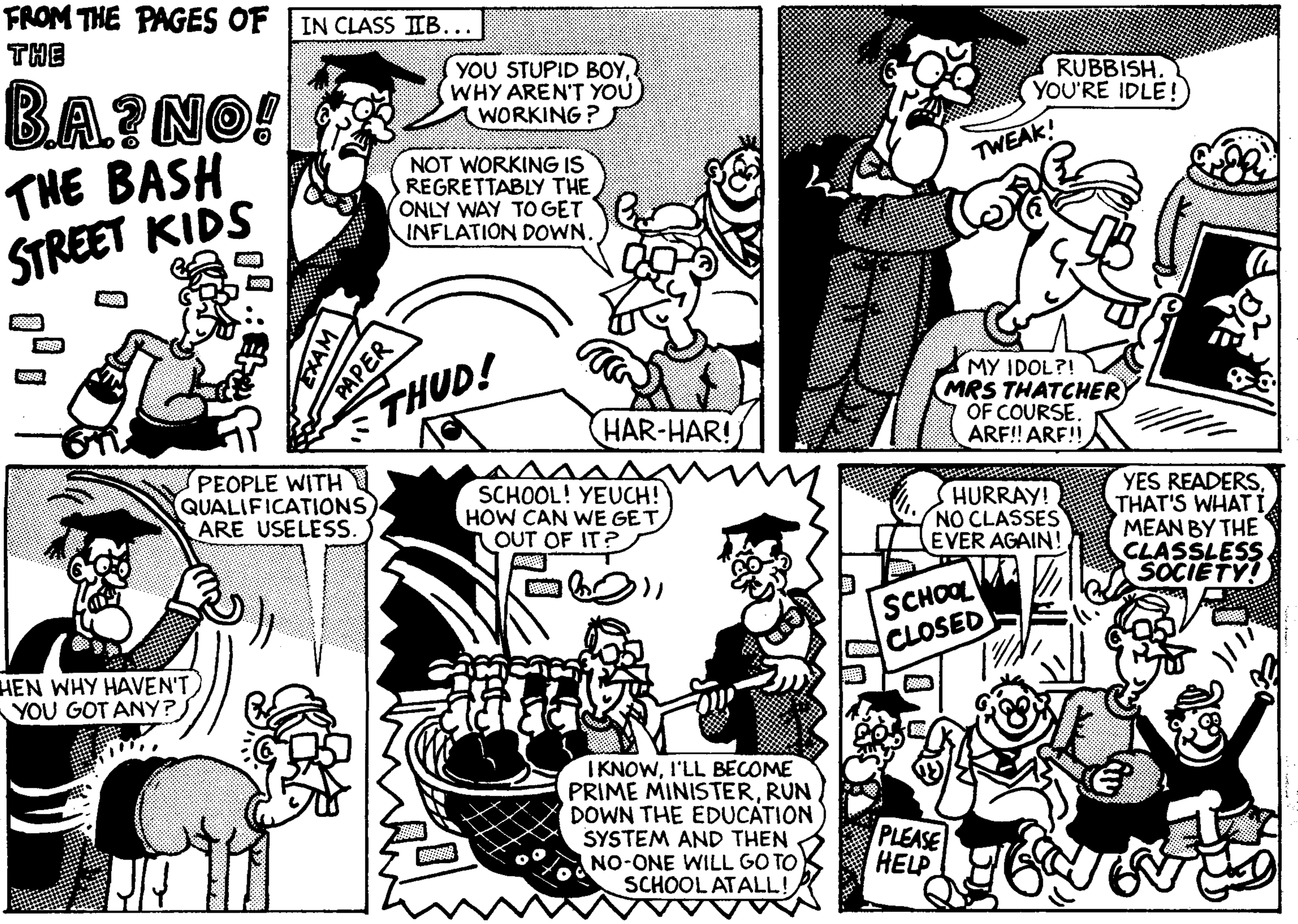
However, hopes are growing that this historic and well-loved London feature will be preserved thanks to a huge injection of cash from itself.

Sir David Attenborough is 75.



TEACH YOURSELF GULF

No.94 Asshole in one.

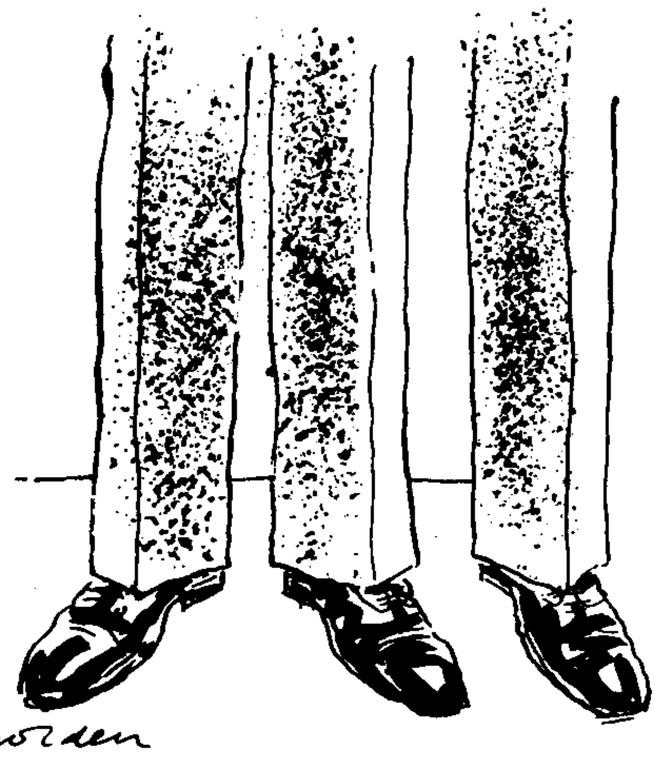

FROM THE PAGES OF THE
B.A.? NO!
THE BASH STREET KIDS
IN CLASS IIB...
YOU STUPID BOY, WHY AREN'T YOU WORKING?
NOT WORKING IS REGRETTABLY THE ONLY WAY TO GET INFLATION DOWN.
EXAM PAPER
THUD!
HAR-HAR!
RUBBISH. YOU'RE IDLE!
TWEAK!
MY IDOL?! MRS THATCHER OF COURSE. ARF!! ARF!!
PEOPLE WITH QUALIFICATIONS ARE USELESS.
THEN WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY?
SCHOOL! YEUCH! HOW CAN WE GET OUT OF IT?
I KNOW, I'LL BECOME PRIME MINISTER, RUN DOWN THE EDUCATION SYSTEM AND THEN NO-ONE WILL GO TO SCHOOL AT ALL!
HURRAY! NO CLASSES EVER AGAIN!
YES READERS, THAT'S WHAT I MEAN BY THE CLASSLESS SOCIETY!
SCHOOL CLOSED
PLEASE HELP

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

Today I woke up early as it is a very special day. They have kindly asked me to go to Madame Tussauds to see the new waxwork they have done of the Prime Minister — who, of course, is me now! It is quite strange walking into a room and seeing yourself standing there, absolutely life-like! They even remembered the biro in my top pocket!

As I was standing there next to the model some schoolboys came past and one of them said to the teacher: "Sir, which one of those is the dummy?" The teacher said that, as far as he was concerned, they both were. "But look over there, boys," he said, "there's someone really interesting." Imagine my surprise when I saw he was pointing at Mrs Thatcher. I thought they always melted down the old one. But the

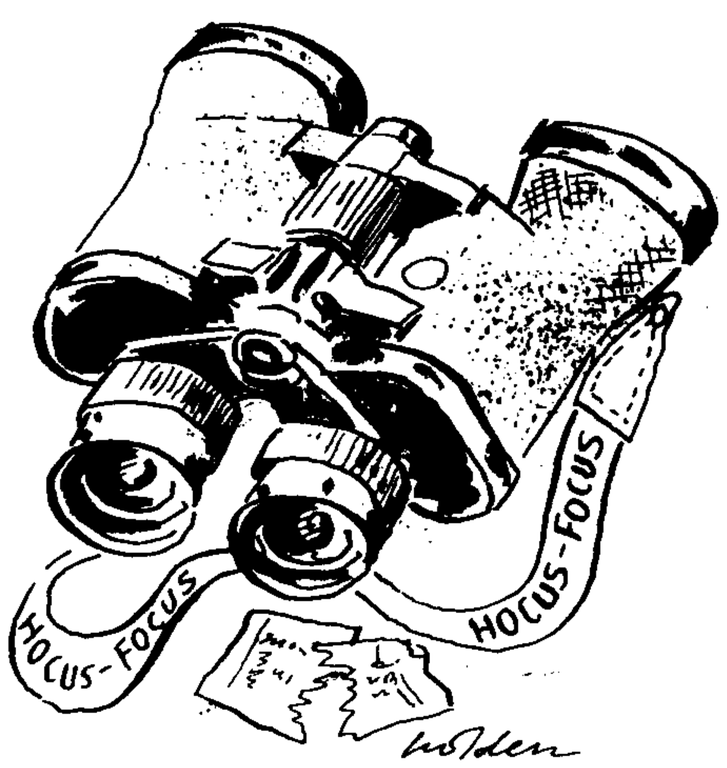


man who was showing me round, Mr Tussaud, explained that sometimes they had to keep the old ones in case they came back.

Tuesday

Now that there is peace in the Middle East I have got time to do lots of things that I have been putting off. For instance, today I went to the races with Norman. Mr O'Donnell said that the papers would like it, because it would show that I knew how to relax, unlike some people who have been in 10 Downing Street during the past 11 years I could mention! For my day out I wore my casual outfit, a grey suit with matching tie.

When it was time for the first race, everyone said: "I suppose, Prime Minister, you're going to back the grey?" They all laughed. "Oh no," I said, "I shall, after a considerable period of due consideration, place a prudent bet on the horse which in my judgement is most likely to prove the winner." Unfortunately it came last.



Wednesday

Something I have always wanted to be is the castaway on the famous programme *Desert Island Discs*. So imagine my delight when Mr O'Donnell said that Sue Lawley had invited me on to her show.

I have always known what records I would choose, so I only had to decide on a book (apart from the Bible and Shakespeare) and a luxury item. This did not take me a considerable period of time to work out, because I am not, as many people have said, a ditherer. Oh no. I can be very decisive when I want to be! My book would be the new 1991 Wisden, although I am not sure about my luxury. So I asked my friend Chris, who said: "I know. You should take a pocket calculator. Then you can work out the new poll tax!" Unfortunately, when Miss Lawley arrived it turned out that there had been a mistake. It wasn't *Desert Island Discs* at all. She only wanted to interview me, which was quite a disappointment.

Sue is certainly a very good-looking lady, as Norma Lamont had warned me! She began by asking me whether I had any 'O' levels. "Oh yes," I said. "I think I definitely might have had a considerable number to be precise." You have to watch these women interviewers closely, as Norma Lamont had advised me with one of his winks. Then she asked me whether I minded that everyone thought that I was very grey and boring. "Well," I said, "everyone is entitled to his or her own point of view in matters of this kind. We are fortunate enough to live in a democratic society, where people must come to their own judgement on a wide variety of issues, and I would certainly defend everyone's right so to do." That put her in her place! Indeed she had sunk down in her armchair, looking quite dazed by the force of my reply!

Her last question was whether being Prime Minister had made a difference to my life. "Oh yes," I said, "in the old days Norman and I could go down to the local Gateway supermarket and no one would know who we were. Now everybody stops and points and says 'Oh look, there's that Mrs Major, who's always giving those interviews saying that her husband won't last much longer.' "

Thursday

Mr Hurd rang up early this morning to say that he was just off to see his Chinese friend, Mr Dung (this always makes my friend David Mellor laugh at our cabinet meetings). Mr Hurd said that we might be in a bit of trouble because of the Kurds. When he rang off I looked on my map but I couldn't see them marked anywhere, so they can't be that important! I am glad to say that Mr Bush agrees with me about this one. He very kindly rang me up in the middle of the night to say that he couldn't interfere in the affairs of another country and nor could Britain. Could I pass this on to whoever was in charge?

Friday

Well, really! My patience is beginning to wear considerably thin. When I opened the paper this morning, there was Mrs Thatcher telling everyone that we should be helping the Kurds in their hour of need. As a mother and grandmother, she said it was her duty to speak out. Honestly, this is interference in the internal affairs of another country, i.e. Britain! One of these days I'm going to have to ask President Bush to tell her who's boss.

Saturday

I have decided to send a certain amount of financial aid to the Kurds who I have discovered live in lots of different countries but not Iraq any more. This is nothing to do with Mrs Thatcher at all. It is a decision of my own making which I made at a football match whilst Mrs Thatcher was on the television. I shall make this point to Radio One's Steve Wright who, Mr O'Donnell tells me, is a top-notch political interviewer with a very big following amongst classless young people. He is certainly more popular than Jimmy Young (a friend of guess who!) who now everyone thinks is a grey haired old bore. I said this to Chris who laughed in a funny way.

POETRY CORNER

Lines On The Death of Mr Graham Greene O.M.

So. Farewell then
Graham Greene,
Author of *The Third Man*.

Dun-ker-dunk-ker-dunk,
ker-dunk,
Dun-ker-dunk-ker-dunk,
ker-dunk,
Dun-ker-dunk-ker-dunk,
ker-dunk,
Ker-dunk.
Dun-ker-dunk, ker-dunk.

Yes, that was your
Theme tune.

I expect it
Will be on the
Telly again
Now.

E.J. Third (17½)

Great Bores Of Today

"... I think it's terrible all that hand-clapping and guitars what's wrong with traditional music I mean Handel and er all the old hymns that people know the one we had at our wedding how does it go? they are ruining the church the way they're going on we went at Christmas last year or was it the year before and we had to shake hands with the person next to us it's all wrong it's not what the church is for why can't they stick to the traditional words that people are used to we've been having services for thousands of years without changing it all the churches used to be packed out and now they've got all these ghastly new hymns and things no-one goes we don't go we haven't been for years to be honest I don't believe in God anyway but if I did I certainly wouldn't go to this modern church with all that happy-clappy stuff ..."

Captain fights suit
Captain Mark Phillips has announced he will contest a paternity suit against him in New Zealand. Page 2; Equestrian events, page 27

Grauniad

FOUR MUSKETEERS, THE (PG)
The sequel/continuation of The Three Musketeers starring Oscar Wilde, Raquel Welch and Richard Chamberlain.

Maxwell Cable TV Guide

Celeb

LIGGER

I ONLY GET 10 MINUTES... IT'S RIDICULOUS. NOT NEARLY LONG ENOUGH TO CHAT PROPERLY ABOUT WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING OR WHAT'S ON MY MIND..
VISITING RULES
I'VE GOT SO MUCH TO SAY... SO MUCH I WANT TO SHARE CONCERNING MY RECENT EXPERIENCES AND FEELINGS.
VISITING RULES
BUT JUST AS I GET INTO MY STRIDE SOME OFFICIOUS TWIT WITH A CLIPBOARD STARTS MAKING SIGNS AT ME TELLING ME IT'S TIME TO STOP.
VISITING RULES
I'LL DO IT THOUGH.
GREAT... SO THAT'S THE WOGAN SHOW THE DAY AFTER THEY LET YOU OUT...
VISITING RULES
AGENDA

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles has commissioned a set of wrought-iron gates 80 feet high from a world-famous sculptor to adorn a Georgian building in Birmingham.

Now read on...

"BIRMINGHAM is an architectural disaster. It used to be such an agreeable place, all centred round this Bullring, rather like in Spain. It was a real community of farming folk selling their produce to all who came thither...

Charles was standing by the bookcase in his Highgrove study, the shelves lined with the collected works of his friend and mentor, Mrs Betty Shine *(surely 'Laurens van der Post'? Ed)*. He strode purposefully across the room, pulled open a drawer of the priceless mahogany embonpoint, and took out a sheaf of architectural drawings.

You see, I'm going to stop the rot in Brum — that's what they call it, Diana, 'Brum' — and put up something strikingly different.

Diana was sitting tucked up in a 17th-century soubriquet, reading a copy of *Hello* magazine.

Yah! Yah! she said, non-comittally. It's certainly different.

Charles laid out the plans by leading gate sculptor Sir Rolfo di Messias and admired the Master's handiwork.

The finish is exquisite and the overall shape is majestic.

Diana flicked the pages of her magazine idly.

Yah. I s'pose. It's a bit short.

Oh no, darling, Charles said, a shade patronisingly. Eighty foot high is pretty, actually, high, you know. And furthermore it represents the Tree of Life.

Diana held up the middle spread of the popular magazine that chronicled the life of the rich and famous, which that week had devoted three hundred pages to her sister-in-law's new coiffure.

It's only a haircut, Chazzo. I don't see where the Tree of Life stuff comes in.

Charles blinked. Haircut? Who said anything about a haircut? I was talking about the Rolfo di Messias gates."

Diana pouted.

"Well, I was talking about the Phil Sizzors hair styling."

"Oh really, Diana. I mean, this is important. These gates represent an opening, a start, a new dawn for Birmingham. As my old friend Mrs Shine puts it in her book *The Magic of Money*... how did it go? 'The Gate of Life is always open — provided you have the key.' How very true that is, isn't it, Diana?"

"I'll be honest. I don't like it. It makes her face look fat. Frankly, it's a mess."

"FRANKLY, Your Royal Honourship," said the Mayor of Birmingham, Sir Jaspwell Carrottbottom, "it's a mess." Together he and Charles looked out from the Mayoral Chamber across the bleak panorama that was present-day Birmingham.

As Charles peered through the window at the huge flyover only feet away from where he stood, he shuddered and repeated aloud some of his descriptions of the city (written of course with the able assistance of Dr Barkworth):

"Like a dead cormorant lying on the beach covered in oil... A huge wastepaper basket full of old cornflake packets... A vast tangle of concrete Shredded Wheat sort of going nowhere... A massive windsock filled with hot air..."

"How very true, Your Kingship," Sir Jaspwell acquiesced in his flat Brummy tones. "We've taken your little lecture to heart. You're right, Sire, us on the Birmingham council have a duty to our citizens in respect of the aesthetic environment in which they have to dwell."

Charles was somehow warming to the ruddy-faced official with his chain and his little tobacco-stained moustache. These chaps in the north may lack the odd social grace but they certainly made up for it in common sense.

"We're making a start today, Your Excellency, in pulling down some of the most obvious eyesores."

Charles beamed and was about to reply when the room darkened as a huge open-topped lorry pounded noisily past the window, shaking the panes and bringing plaster down from the ceiling.

"Hang on!" Charles exclaimed, as he took a closer look at the contents of the truck, which bore the sign SIMON RATTLE & SONS, SCRAP-METAL DEALER — ANY OLD IRON CONSIDERED on the side.

"Aren't those things on the lorry the new gates by Rolfo di Messias that have just been put up?"

The Mayor nodded contentedly. "Too bloody right! Last in, first out. That's the way we do it up 'ere. We've scrapped 'em. I've seen some rubbish in my time, but I tell you..."

Sir Jaspwell Carrottbottom lit a Salmonella cigar and complacently blew out a stream of smoke.

"There's only one word for them gates, you know. Appalling."

(To be continued)

Daily Express
FRIDAY APRIL 12 1991 WEATHER: SHOWERS 28p ★★★★

KINNOCK GOES STARK STARING BONKERS

Killer

Labour leader runs amok: 5 dead

'Rambo' assault condemned by UN

by Our Fiction Staff LUNCHTIME O'BRUISE

A QUIET leafy street in London's exclusive suburb of Ealing was last night turned into a "killing field" reminiscent of the worst excesses of the left wing dictator Josef Stalin, 48, when a crazed Mr Neil Kinnock, 48, "went berserk".

Passers-by took cover behind privet hedges as the Labour leader completely lost control and, in the words of one eyewitness, "was foaming at the mouth like a rotweiler with rabies. He could have killed anything that moved. It was terrifying."

Ealing Fields

As the news of Kinnock's "Hungerford-style" orgy of violence spread through Westminster like a forest fire, MPs on both sides of the house were openly admitting that this spelled the end of Labour's chances of winning the next election, and that the only sensible thing for anyone to do in the face of this outrage was to vote Conservative.

This was the timetable of horror that turned Ealing last night into a near-replica of the Somme, Dresden and Hiroshima all rolled into one.

7.43. Mr Kinnock and his daughter Roxanne come out of the house, to walk down the street.

7.44. Five inoffensive local yobboes shout four-letter words at Roxanne in a friendly, affectionate manner.

7.45. Kinnock reacts like a psychotic, telling his daughter to "take no notice" of the youths.

7.45. Kinnock, his arms flailing wildly, trips over untied shoelace and falls into small hedge.

7.46. The man who wants to be the next Socialist Prime Minister of Britain is seen lying pathetically on his back, as though he had just been humiliated during Question Time by the brilliant John Major.

An *Express* Doctor writes:

As a doctor I am often asked: "Is Neil Kinnock mentally ill?" The simple answer is "Vote Conservative".

TALK DIRTY

with GNOMELINES

PHEW! Hey mister! These lines are adult and hot! You want to hear someone talk filthy lucre? Choose from these mucky loot-lines! Live out your wildest fantasies!

0898-12-34-5 ***Let's Get It Up!***

Latest stock market prices with the BBC's Dominic Harrod.

0898-34-56-1 ***Wanna Play Footsie, Big Boy?***

All your favourite shares, with Kenneth Fleet.

0898-41-32-0 ***Bankin' Mania!***

with Sir Robin Leigh-Pemberton.

0898-44-33-2 ***Hang Seng Relief***

with Tokyo Joe, Our Far East Economics Reporter.

0898-11-22-3 ***Electric Blue Chips.***

Get Immediate Satisfaction with The Top 100, read out by Radio 4's Louise Botting.

0898-99-88-7 ***Naughty Gerry Tells All!***

Listen as the Chairman of the Heron Corporation counts out his money. So lifelike, you can hear the notes rustle! Wow!

0898-77-81-2 ***Feeling Kruger-randy?***

Hear *Literary Review* editor Auberon Waugh tell you the latest gold prices.

0898-77-81-3 ***Long Bondage Fetishists!***

Hear a group of American leverage experts discussing fully and frankly their portfolios of US Long Bonds.

0898-44-44-4 ***Secret Gilts!***

A leading accountant discusses the ups and downs of short-dated government stocks.

0898-55-55-5 ***Big baskets!***

Hear currency experts revealing their most secret thoughts on the probable outcome of the latest round of GATT talks.

These Loot-Lines are Genuine, Live Money Lines. Only £44 per second (peak rate), £42 (off-peak).

WARNING: Strictly adults only. No Under-18s.

Rushdie — new fatwah shock

by Our Islamic Staff **Ms Lim**

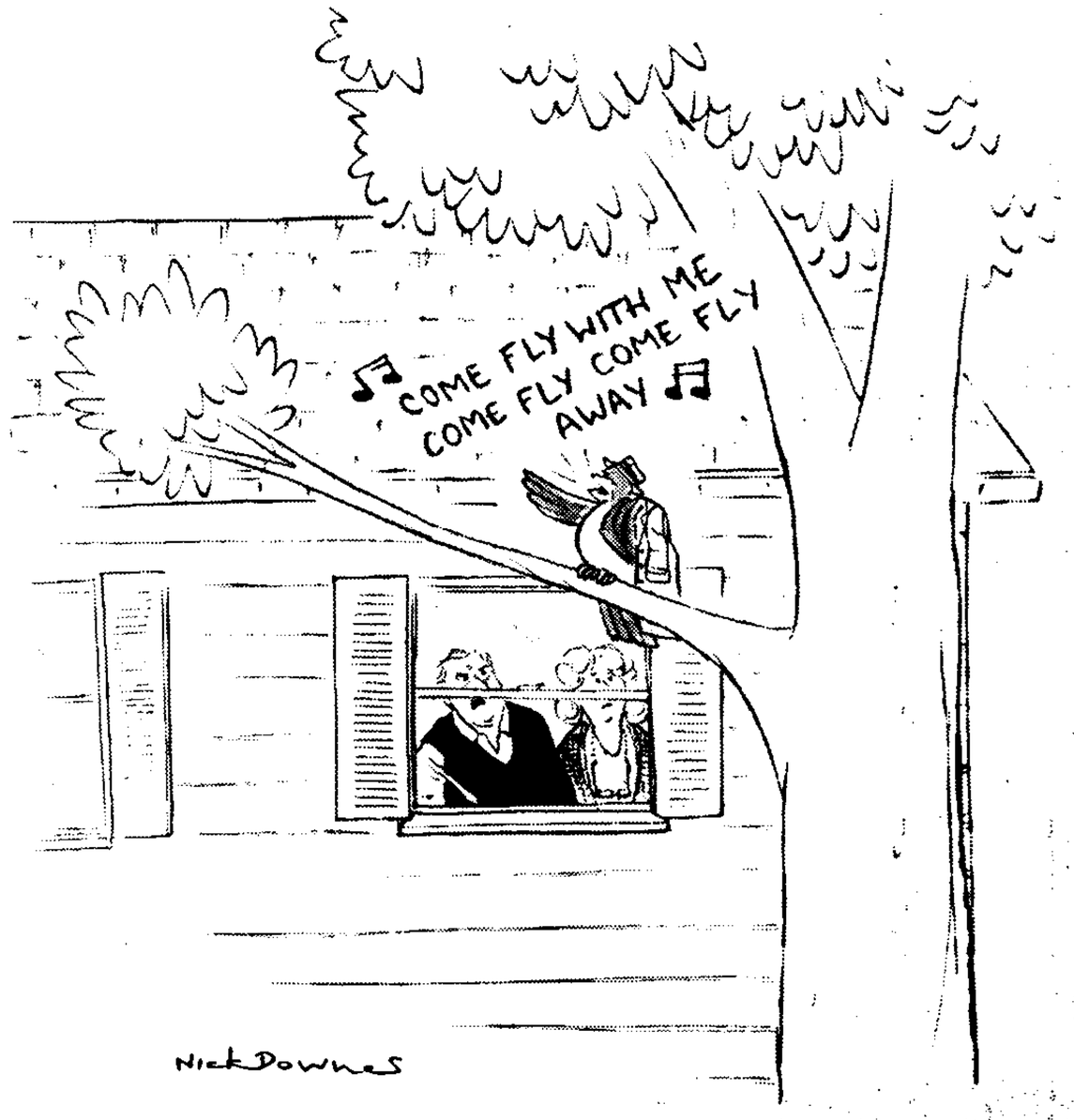
THE beleaguered author Yusuf Ben Rushdiewallah (formerly the novelist Salman Rushdie) last night suffered another crushing blow when a leading ex-wife of his issued a new fatwah against him.

Ms Marietta Higgins, author of such literary masterpieces as *[note to sub: fill in here. Someone must know what they are]* made a public statement through her press agent, denouncing *Satanic Verses* author Rushdie as "an infidel dog who deserves everything he's got".

Wife sentence

Ms Higgins said: "All he thinks about is himself. Never about other writers like... er... myself. What about me? Don't I have a life? It's all very well for me to be the little woman ironing his shoes and putting his M&S tandoori chicken in the dishwasher, but when *I* want to be a famous author what help is he? Bugger all! All he does is sit around in hiding all day! Bastard! I've given him the best year of my life, well some of it anyway, and what thanks do I get? How many times have I been on *News at Ten*? How many books of mine have people bought? You don't hear *me* talking to Brian Redhead on the radio, do you? No you bloody don't. Death to Rushdie. That's what I say."

Mrs Rushdie is 53.



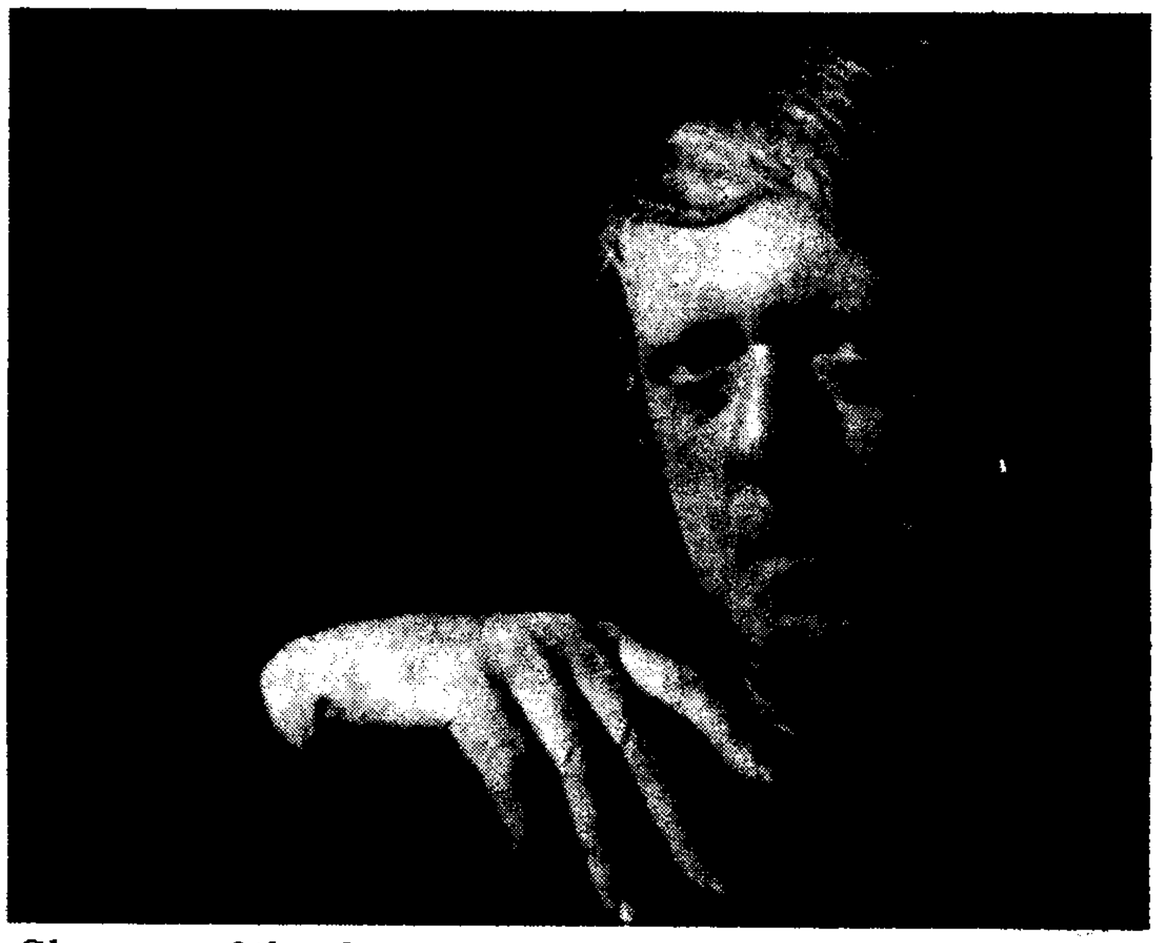
"I don't care if it is a mockingbird – mocking Sinatra is going too far"

THE GREATEST NOVELIST WHO EVER LIVED

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

GRAHAM GREENE first met me in 1957. It was a memorable occasion, especially for him. I had just finished my first brilliant novel and Greene was desperately jealous about the way I had written about Catholicism, which he considered his own territory. This did not make for a good start in our relationship, particularly as my books are so much better than his and sell so many more copies.

Greene was always a prickly man and resented any criticism of his books. I once wrote to him to say that on page 249 of the 2nd edition of *The Power and the Glory* one of the characters had ordered Earl Grey tea from the Lyons Corner House, Fulham Road, in 1936. Anyone with any knowledge of the pre-war Fulham Road would have known that Earl Grey tea was not available at Lyons until three years later.



Greene very rudely acknowledged my letter, thanked me for my observations and promised to correct them in future editions. He added as a PS that he had hugely enjoyed my latest book, *Incident In Penang*.

He did not, needless to say, make any such alteration in subsequent editions, which only goes to show how much his claims to greatness have been exaggerated.

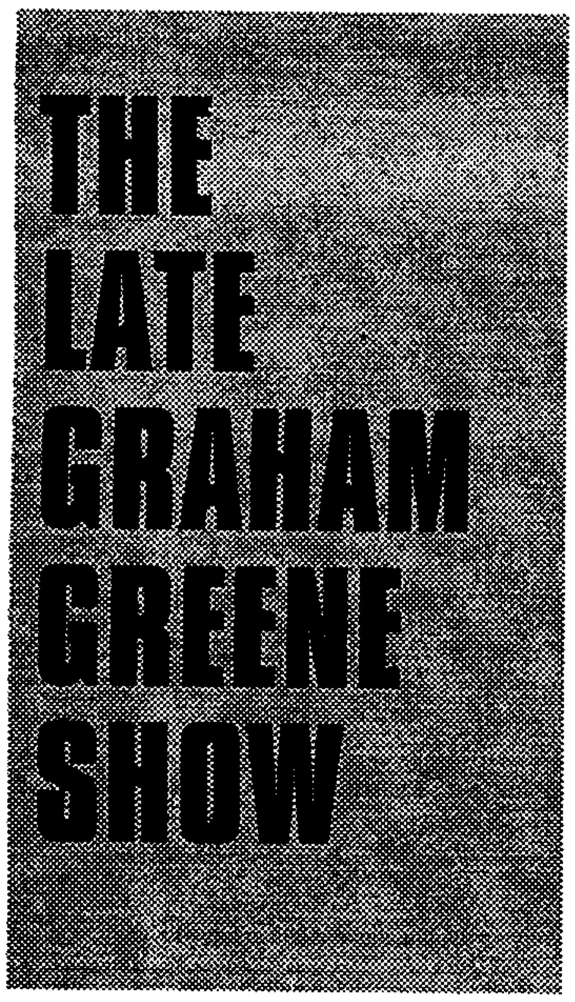
The incident of the Earl Grey tea was to lead to the final estrangement between Greene and myself. This took place in 1963, when I called on him in his house in Antibes to ask him what he thought of my latest best-selling and critically acclaimed masterpiece, *Incident in Kuala Lumpur*. I asked him in addition whether I could quote him on the jacket of the paperback.

With an apologetic smile, Greene confessed that he had not yet had a chance to read my book. He had the effrontery to tell me that he was very busy at that moment finishing a novel and would probably not have time to read my book for several days.

This was blatantly untrue since all the world knew that Greene could only write a paltry 200 words a day, compared to the output of some truly great novelists. I am thinking of one in particular, who knocked off *Incident In Seringapatam* in Serbo-Croat in less than an afternoon (and wrote a symphony while he was doing it).

It was a matter of great sadness to me that I had to tell Greene what a talentless little creep he was.

Now he is dead he must be thinking how fortunate he is that all the newspapers and TV programmes have asked me to pay tribute to the greatest novelist of the twentieth century — myself.



(Picture of dog howling at moon. Cut to long-haired man wearing silly glasses)

NIGEL FROGSPAWN *(for it is he)*: The whole of our programme tonight is devoted to our special tribute to the legendary writer Graham Greene, who died today. Perhaps the most interesting thing about Greene was that he was very reluctant to appear on television. In the studio tonight we have several television producers who at different times over the years have tried to persuade the great man to appear on their programmes. But all of them failed. Basil Stedall, how did you first not meet Graham Greene?

BEARDED MAN: I think it was in 1973. We were putting together our Arena-Omnibus special on Greene, and I went out to the South of France with a camera crew.

(Film of camera crew sitting round swimming pool holding agreeable bottles of wine)

FROGSPAWN: Horace de la Mare, could I come to you?

ANOTHER MAN WITH BEARD: Greene was, of course, intensely elusive. When I was making my special Omnibus-Arena Retrospective, *The Man Who Refuses To Appear On Television*, in 1983, we eventually persuaded Greene to appear off-screen explaining why he would never appear on television.

(Still out-of-focus photo of Graham Greene, aged 11)

VOICE OVER: Mr Greene writes exceedingly good novels.

FROGSPAWN: Elton John, you've never heard of Graham Greene. Can we come to you?

(Continued till 12.30 a.m.)

"I've got nothing to wear"

WORLD OF SOCCER

FORMER GOALKEEPER PREDICTS EARTHQUAKE IN NEASDEN

by **E.I. Erewego**, Our Man In The Turquoise Tracksuit With The Packet Of Ginseng And The Can Of Aqualibra.

THE WORLD of soccer was rocked to its foundations last night when Wally Foot, the legendary former goalkeeper of Neasden FC, announced to the landlord of the Boston Arms that an earthquake would very shortly hit the Tesco Road.

Lying in a horizontal position, which he claimed put him in a metaphysical frame of mind, and surrounded by ritual empty bottles and crushed cans of Old Icke's Green Export Ale, Mr Foot gave his predictions for the timetable of destruction that he claimed would engulf Neasden.

- **Millets to be consumed by fire on Tuesday afternoon.**
- **Gerhardie's Mags 'n' Fags Emporium to disappear beneath a huge tidal wave on Wednesday night.**
- **The boating lake in the George V Memorial Park to become a desert due to global warming sometime on Thursday.**
- **The Aneurin Bevan Public Library to vanish in a hurricane at 3.30pm exactly on Saturday.**

The recumbent Mr Foot was accompanied by his wife Tiamaria (formerly Mrs Ethel Foot), his daughter Cinzanobianco (formerly Ms Tracy Foot) and his new female companion, Tequila Sunrise.

Goalmouth

However, there was disbelief amongst drinkers at the Boston Arms at these startling revelations, with one former team-mate, Baldy Pevsner, accusing Wally Foot of "using the whole stunt as an excuse to get his one leg over".

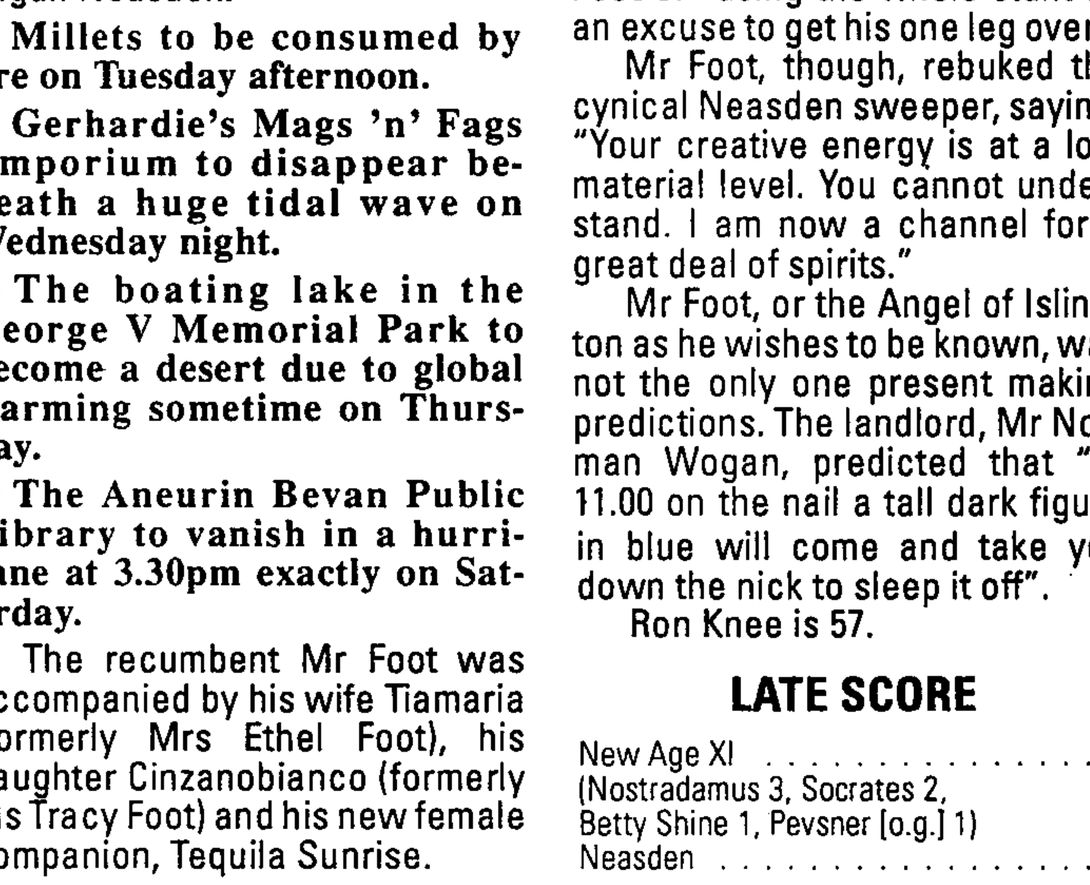
Mr Foot, though, rebuked the cynical Neasden sweeper, saying: "Your creative energy is at a low material level. You cannot understand. I am now a channel for a great deal of spirits."

Mr Foot, or the Angel of Islington as he wishes to be known, was not the only one present making predictions. The landlord, Mr Norman Wogan, predicted that "at 11.00 on the nail a tall dark figure in blue will come and take you down the nick to sleep it off".

Ron Knee is 57.

LATE SCORE

New Age XI 7
(Nostradamus 3, Socrates 2, Betty Shine 1, Pevsner [o.g.] 1)
Neasden 0



"He wants the contents of the till... to take away"

Kennedy charge

'I am innocent' claim

by Our Man in Palm Beach
Sarah Sands

TRAGEDY has struck again in the ill-fated Kennedy family.

As dawn broke today, police swooped on the home of violinist Nigel Kennedy and accused him of murdering Brahms's Violin Concerto.

Looking pale and ridiculous in a gypsy scarf and leather plus-fours, Kennedy was taken away to face the music.

How they are related — those doomed Kennedys in full

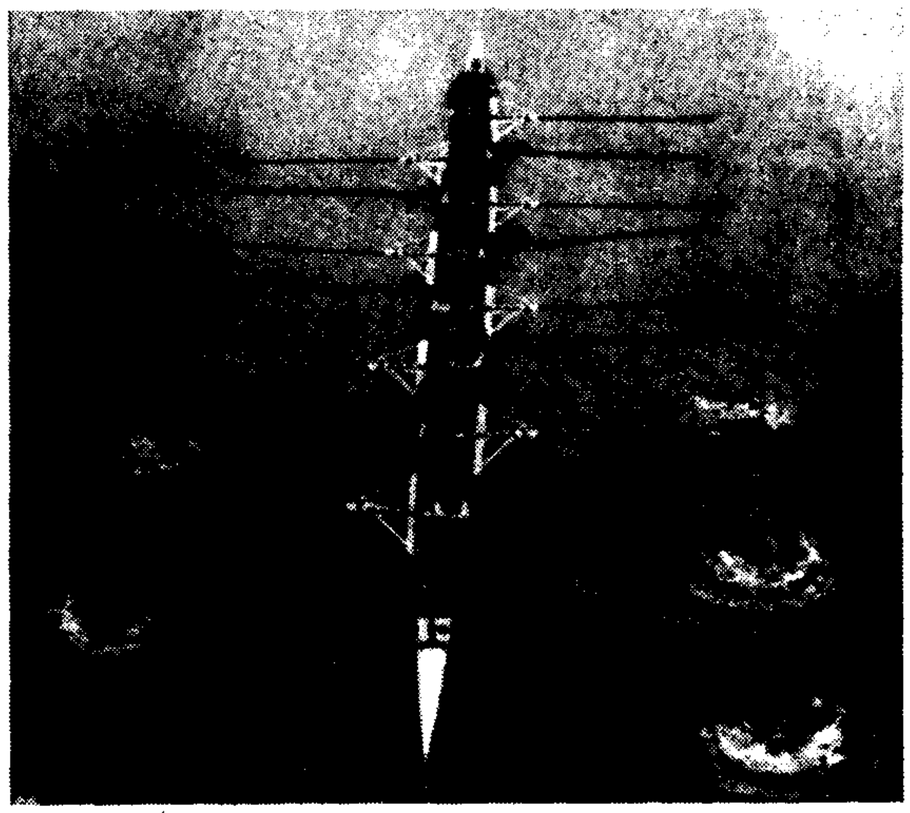
John F. Kennedy (tragically assassinated) = Marilyn Monroe (tragically killed herself)

Red Kennedy (tragically terminated by Mrs Thatcher) = Sarah Kennedy (tragically faded after the death of LWT's *Game For A Laugh*)

Senator Ludovic Kennedy (tragically produced a book of memoirs) = Charles Kennedy (tragically joined the SDP)

Kennedy Airport (tragically closed due to fog) = Nigel Kennedy (tragic)

(That's enough Kennedys. Ed [Kennedy])

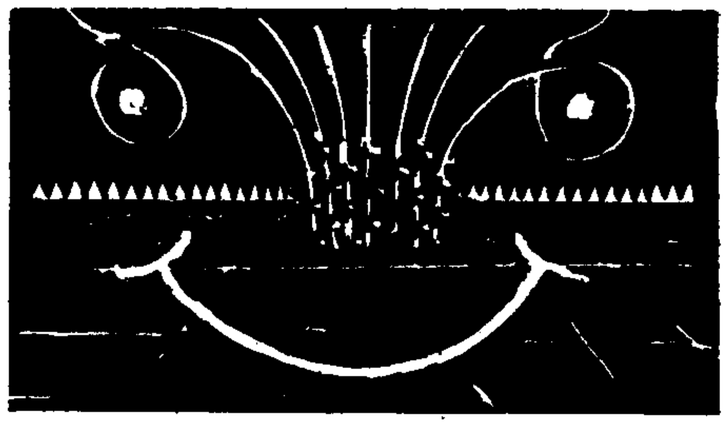


Yes! It's Oxford and Cambridge Rowing Slang!

Boat Race	**Disgrace**
Dark Blue	**F*** you**
Light Blue	**You too**
Toff	**P*** off**
Snobs	**Yobs**
Ageing Yanks	**No thanks**
Obholzer, Rupert	**Incredibly stupid**
Flashing oars	**Foul-mouthed boors**
Traditional scene	**Gestures, obscene**
Beefeater Gin	**Not a particularly good event to be sponsorin'**

(That's enough Boat Races. Ed.)

DIARY



DEREK HATTON

Oy, oy! Yer old pal Degsy's in a sporra borra again!! Woddyaknow, the entire capitalist machinery has been set in motion in a nationwide conspiracy to bring down a — if not the — leading figure in the international class struggle aided and abetted by the right-wing press and it makes me puke.

For the past ten years Derek Hatton — that's me, folks! — has become a legend by working *within* the system to *bring down* the system. When you look at my many appearances on television, opening fashion shows, sounding off my opinions on national VIP programmes hosted by big names like Sir Robin Day or Peter Sissons or merely being photographed in the StarBar at London's exclusive Hippodrome nightclub, I guess you've admired me as a so-called "snappy dresser" and you've thought to yourself "that guy's got some fabulous medallions and identity bracelets" and you've had to look twice at my beautiful Jag with its personalised 'DEGSY' numero-platta (that's a number-plate to you at the back!). But maybe one thing you neglected to realise is that this is all part of the class struggle, of working *within* the system to *bring down* the system. Ironically, it was Karl Marx who said that the revolution can only truly begin when the proletariat has the car parking facilities in a city under its hat. 'Nuff said.

Maggie, Maggie, Maggie! Out! Out! Out!

I'm often attacked by the capitalist media for my ready wit and verbal one-twos. That's Liverpool for you. Jimmy Tarbuck, Cilla Black, Degsy Hatton, Liverpool born and bred. And dead proud of it. I've been accused of having a more than generous helping of the wit with which scousers are blessed. Ironically, I learnt it on the streets of this great city of ours, I didn't have to research it in textbooks, not me. So when Derek Hatton is savaged by Labour politicians who should know better, he is apt to lose his rag and hit back with a rapier-thrust of pure Scouse tongue. To this day, they still talk about my set-to with class traitor Neil Kinnock. He said to me: "You're a disgrace to this party, boyo." Quick as a flash I hit back with: "Fuck off, baldy!" Result? Kinnock retires wounded. Game, Set and Match to Degsy!

It was Karl Marx who originally proposed that a truly socialistic state could only be created when the political consciousness of the masses had been raised through prolonged class struggle by the representatives of the proletariat making frequent appearances on radio and TV and in all the leading Fleet Street gossip columns. Politics is not about building up the individual, but within any socialist struggle individuals do emerge. As it is, when the history books of the second half of the twentieth century come to be written the name of Derek Hatton will feature alongside Thatcher, Reagan and Gorbachev, ironically not just as a so-called Mr Cool but as a major political force in the world revolution. and a key figure in the world of international car parks, I mean class struggle.

Call me Jack the Lad, call me one hekkuva fella. call me a dead snappy dresser, throw whatever politically motivated insult you will at old Degsy, but one thing's for sure — he knows how to work out on the dance-floor with the birds! Peter 'Stringfellows' Stringfellow and Coronations Street's Chris Quinten are both pals of Derek Hatton, and they reckon that Desgsy sure can boogie like nobody's business. Fave dance? It's called The Class Struggle — one step forward, two steps back, two steps back, another three steps back, three steps back, another four steps back, and so on until you've got both feet in the toilet and a hundred arms reachin' for the flush.

You'll be wondering about my little sporra borra with Her Majesty's Pig Force or Our Boys in Blue as they're ironically known. As I see it, George Bush saw Degsy making the headlines, in niteries, on celebrity quiz shows, at fashion premieres, photographed with Coronation Street's Chris Quinten and generally raising the political consciousness of the nation towards a Marxist/Leninist overthrow of the antiquated class structure. Scared shitless, he dialled the Kinnock/Major class junta and issued instructions that I should be set up good and proper. But the people of Liverpool will not sit idly by while Derek Hatton suffers at the hands of imperialism. Degsy has already started a petition on behalf of the people of the great city of Scouse demanding the authorities release me and my tailor at once. Make no mistake, the petition's only been going ten days, and we're already well on our way to collecting over two signatures, including those of myself and my tailor.

So, class traitor Neil Kinnock thinks he'll stop the forward march of true socialism by yet more expulsions from the Labour Party, well I've got news for him, he won't, no way. I am proud to say that I still give ten per cent of the money I earn from personal appearances, advertising and autographs into the Militant Gold Card Executive Flexi-Account at Barclays International. In return, I obviously have to draw out money for expenses re personal grooming, new suits, entertaining, foreign travel and whatnot, but at the end of the day I get one helluva lot more out of Militant than I put in.

Frankly, I'm now a figure the kids of Liverpool can look up to and identify with, and that's why Kinnock's had me clapped in irons. At Stringfellows and The Hippodrome, I've rubbed shoulders with people of the calibre of Viscount Linley, Lord Althorp and Lady Helen Windsor. My contacts in the city have promised me head-to-heads with the likes of Her Grace the Princess Royal and maybe even the Queen Mother herself. Kinnock's never got this far, never, and that's why he's dead jealous. Within a year I'd have been in a position to apply for a safe seat as a prospective Conservative parliamentary candidate, and the sky would have been the limit. As Trotsky himself said, it is the duty of every politicised worker to fight on his fellow workers' behalf in order to achieve a stable economy, an end to inflation and a new spirit of free enterprise. Free Degsy now — and safeguard a prosperous future for your children's children.

"I remember when all this used to be estate agents"

Apology

A REPORT on January 31 stated that Mr Oliver Godfrey had been fined in May last year for theft and criminal damage.

We are glad to make clear that, in fact, Mr Godfrey was not fined for theft but for using or threatening violence and criminal damage.

We apologise for the error and regret any embarrassment caused to Mr Godfrey.

Braintree and Witham Times

Ms Kelley claims that many in the White House were concerned at an affair Nancy had with Frank Sinatra, who came for private lunches and entered through the back way.

Grauniad

Literary Review

Sex crimes

American Psycho
Bret Easton Ellis
(Picador, £6.99)

Dirty Weekend
Helen Zahavi
(Macmillan, £13.99)

THRILLERS make their stories matter. In a thriller, what people do has consequences. A trivial action can make the difference between life and death. Few contemporary mainstream novels make you feel this truth so strongly. It's why thrillers can be moral, and why, despite being about killing, they can be vivifying.

American Psycho, however, is the opposite of a thriller: mortifying, a deadener, a chiller.

Bret Easton Ellis has written two earlier novels about stupid rich kids drugging and fucking themselves silly. Each time he's raised the stakes and the age levels a little. *Less Than Zero* (1985) was about sated, affectless Californian teenagers and ended with the gang-rape of a drugged 12-year-old girl. It made him a packet and he moved to New York. *The Rules of Attraction* (1987) was about sated, affectless New England college students taking really lots of drugs and having really lots of vacuous sex with each other.

Now *American Psycho* is about sated, affectless New York yuppies doing all that, only more so. But this time the narrator, Patrick Bateman, quite apart from being as horrible as his friends, is also a sadistic serial killer. He chops people up. He saws off heads. He cuts eyes out. He nails women down. He flays them, he pours acid on them, he burns them. He rapes them. He eats them. And nobody notices.

What everybody notices are consumer goods. Clothes, restaurants, gadgets — all are immediately identified by name. It's a fantastic extension of the Judith Krantz-type shopping novel, laboriously demonstrating that these are absolutely the only reference points these people have left. When a character walks into the room, it's a collection of purchases ("a suit by Lubiam, a great-looking spread-collar cotton shirt from Burberry, a silk tie by Resikeio and a belt from Ralph Lauren"), not as a person. All the characters continually fail to recognise each other's faces, just as Patrick fails to see anything wrong in his murders.

This would have been quite a good idea for a short story, written with economy, so every effect counted. But the effects in this book, like the killings, are cumulative, serial. The same thing happens over and over, gradually getting worse. No characters begin to matter; no misdeed has consequences; it's all superficial. Instead of pity or terror, all the novel can hope to evoke is shock and disgust. The reader herself is battered.

Bret Easton Ellis may have intended to criticise the greedy and uncaring society of rich New York, but he has ended up a prime example of it. Just as Patrick Bateman has to keep killing more cruelly and more often to stimulate himself, so Bret Easton Ellis has continually to keep going a step further. The reader's sensitivity to cruelty is steadily numbed, not enhanced, by this process. And you feel soiled because, with the book lacking all other suspense, you know you keep on reading, if you do, only to find out how the next slaying can possibly be viler than the last.

In America the original publisher, Simon & Schuster, refused the book when it got the manuscript, perhaps out of real scruples, perhaps because it feared the legal consequences if there should ever be a copycat killing. In Britain, the managing director of the publisher, Alan Gordon Walker, has offered this shamefaced self-exculpation: "We have put a high price on it and are distributing only to the retail bookselling trade and those wholesalers supplying proper bookselling outlets. We are not promoting the book. We are not seeking to add to the hype." Why should they? 30,000 copies have already been ordered by bookshops here.

American Psycho has been denounced by feminists as a "how-to novel on the torture and dismemberment of women". But *Dirty Weekend*, a how-to novel on the killing of men, has been acclaimed ("brave, brilliant and beautiful — Julie Burchill. "It's good — it may even be beautiful — and it's true" — Andrea Dworkin.)

Set in Brighton, it's the story of Bella, a former prostitute, disgusted by men, who goes on a murder-spree — hammering them, asphyxiating them, running them over, shooting them, stabbing them.

Zahavi's enthusiasm for this is uncontrolled. Her sentences pound away in time with Bella's blows, endorsing them. "She hammered her message home the only way she could. She bludgeoned him for all her silent sisters." She rejoices in Bella's thoughts about men. "Let them quake when we walk behind them. Let them quicken their steps, and hunch their shoulders, and hurry home in the dusk. Scurry home, dogs. Avert your eyes as we pass. Let fear creep up and whisper in your ear... Swill-fed pigs. Snivelling toads. Syphilitic scum." And so on. None of Ellis's cool there.

That Zahavi is disturbed can be sensed in a very few words ("the only phallus worth having, the smoothest, sleekest and most user-friendly phallus there was"? — a gun.) She has even described Bella as "a role model for womankind. She is the first truly liberated woman."

American Psycho may be knowingly exploitative, but the amateurish, sincere *Dirty Weekend* is worse. These are private fantasies unkindly made public by a publisher hoping for a sensation. Both books degrade their writers, and their readers — but most of all their publishers.

Books & Bookmen

■ THE BIGGEST irony in the current collapse of publishing is that for the first time in six years a publisher should seek a stock market flotation — and that an imprint set up but five years ago.

The irony is not that a young, tightly managed publishing house should be seen to be profitable, but that if you publish almost exclusively bad or indifferent books you can still make a killing.

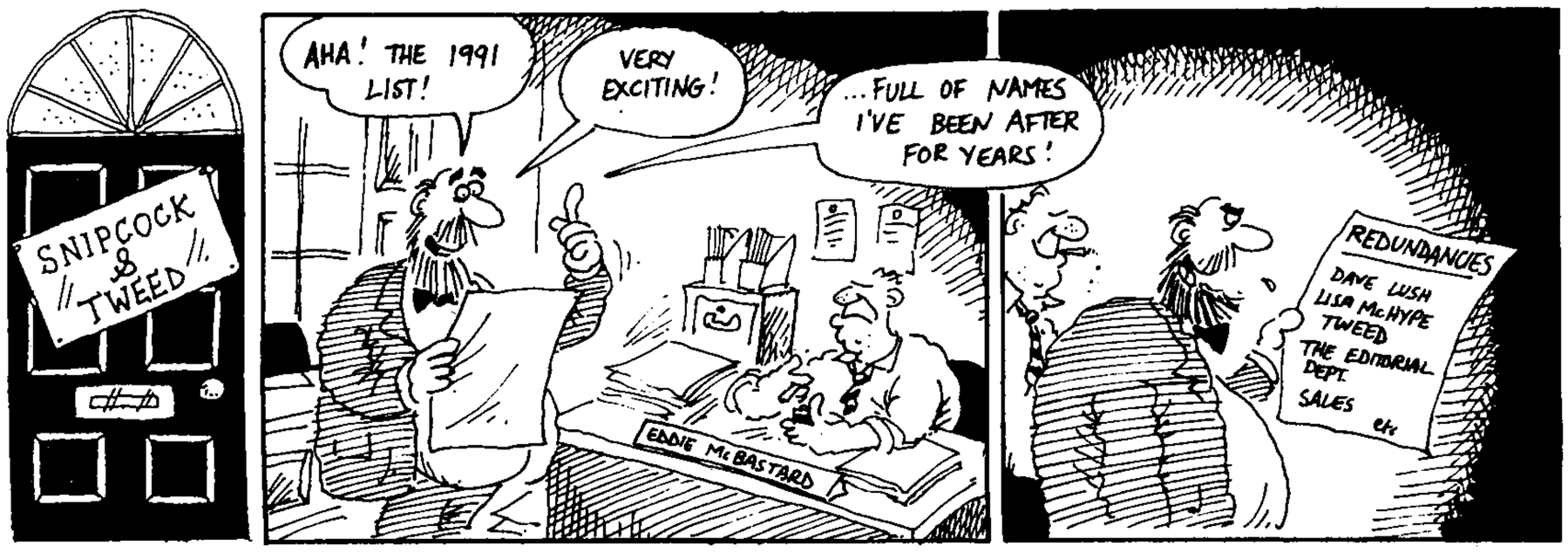
Tim Hely-Hutchinson, son of Irish racing peer Lord Donoughmore, and his two founder colleagues at Headline, Sue Fletcher and Sian Thomas, employ only 40 people to publish, last year, 220 books, and 280 this year. Headline must be the most effective publisher in Great Titchfield Street.

In the week that Hely-Hutchinson's flotation was announced, his successor as managing director of Cap'n Bob's Macdonald, the genial, infinitely laid back Nick Webb, has finally succumbed to the financial blandishments of Simon & Schuster. As probably the highest paid employee in British publishing he has agreed to have a go at establishing Pocket Books as a major player in the cut-throat and increasingly suicidal UK mass market paperback jungle. His predecessor, the driven, Brian Perman, will leave when his current year's contract expires in December.

Whether big, bearded Nick will find his new American masters more congenial than Cap'n Bob may take a few weeks for him to discover, but Nick, a discreet man, will keep his own counsel in return for the boodle, as he likes to call it. But the Cap'n, having sold his beloved Pergamon (founded as long ago as 1948) to the Dutch and with no heavyweight publisher left at Macdonald, is desperate to sell the imprint of which son Kevin is about to become chief executive. But, as Hely-Hutchinson has told Bob, he really must reduce the asking price. In any event, however amused Tim might be to graft his old firm on to Headline, he really should resist or he might go the way of the cynical, disastrously managed conglomerates. (Come on, Octopus; you haven't sacked anyone in months.)

Simon King, for whom the Bell tolled at HarpicCollins, is thought to be the front runner for big Nick's old job. He might like to discover whether the Cap'n is nuttier than the Digger.

The rumour will not die down that the vicar (Reverend Cohen) is going to HarpicCollins taking his best known author Jeffrey Archer with him. Hodder & Stoughton, Lord Archer's present British publisher (the Digger does him in the stateside, where "Arturo" Eddie signed him up), has begun to name the 120 employees it is dismissing, beginning with two sales supremos. "Arturo" has snatched up Adrian Bourne, managing director of Hodder's Coronet paperback list and thus a chum of Archer, and created for him in BangkokHouse (as the bamboo embellished Hammersmith offices are known) the ridiculous position of managing director, International Division. This, of course, is yet a further effort to beguile Jeffrey.



☐ *"BOOKWORM" remarked in the last Eye on the element of weather in Jack Higgins' rather desperate, if bestselling sequel to The Eagle Has Landed.*

Another essential ingredient in The Eagle Has Flown is drink — whisky, wine, beer, coffee. But sometimes the author can't even remember which beverage his characters are imbibing. For instance on page 56, line 6: "Devlin glanced up, smiling amiably and picked up the glass of beer in his left hand." A few lines down, without any intervening suggestion of a change of tipple, "Devlin drank some more wine." Perhaps the editor at Chapman's couldn't be bothered to read that far.

'Bookworm'

Electricity

Boys trouble

OFFER, the Birmingham-based Office of Electricity Regulation and the last stronghold of blind monetarism, played its trump card last week by sending its deputy director-general, the fragrant Miss Penny Boys, to persuade the grey men of the electricity industry that there will always be electricity.

She spoke for one and a half hours at the Institution of Electrical Engineers in London and admitted that the two big worries under privatisation were that no one was responsible for maintaining a secure supply and that there was no scope for independents who were supposed to be creating serious competition.

Her boss, Professor Stephen Littlechild, director of Offer, is one of the prime architects of privatisation. He recruited Miss Boys from the Department of Energy where she was a high flyer handling electricity regulation but, as she happily admitted, "with no qualifications in the electrical engineering sphere whatsoever". Just like the rest of them.

On the issue of keeping the lights burning, there was previously one supplier, the Central Electricity Generating Board, which was required by law to keep the juice flowing and to spend public money on building plant. Now the monopoly had been ended and no one is similarly responsible.

The industry worries what will happen when the property market picks up and the Japanese, who have bought large chunks of NatPowerGen; along with other shareholders, decide that it is a good time to sell the power station sites to developers wanting to build hypermarkets and theme parks. That could be done in a twinkle, while it takes years to plan, obtain a licence, face a public inquiry and build a new power station.

Miss Boys was ready. She said the National Grid Company had to produce every year a seven-year statement showing the load (ie demand) on the system and forecasting the future. A risk of a shortfall in supply would be evident from this document and it would be open to the minister to act.

But what could he do? Miss Boys had the monetarist wisdom available. It was true that National Power and PowerGen had the largest amount of generating capacity, but they were not the only suppliers. "Duopoly" could be accurate now as a description, she admitted, but no long-term rights had been given to them. "There should be little need for regulation to ensure all reasonable demands for electricity are satisfied. If we were to see demand rising strongly, it would not be the director-general's business to start generating."

She said that it would be looked after by market forces, just as happened in other areas "now that generation is open to competition. Investment decisions will cover a wide range of companies. Each will make longer-term decisions on its own commercial judgements."

The trouble is that the Government worked so hard to make NatPowerGen attractive to buyers that the independents have been largely squeezed out. Some of them hoped to put up "cheap" gasworks, but the price of gas for making electricity has been put up by 35 percent just for starters. There has been practically no room for renewables, such as wind turbines.

Independent companies which had hoped to move in as serious contributors to supply are enraged. They had welcomed the end of nationalisation and thought it was their chance. Instead, they complain that privatisation gives a 27 percent price advantage to NatPowerGen, which means it will dominate the market for as long as anyone can see.

What they anticipate is a rerun of the British Gas story. This was summarised by one of the leading supporters of privatisation, the *Financial Times*, in a leading article last week: "Gas policy is a mess. Five years of privatisation have left British Gas with almost as much market power as it had at its flotation in 1986."

The electricity duopoly will continue to dominate the market. It will stand to make most money when supply is at its lowest. It will not want to keep stations standing idle, ready to be called on in a cold winter when demand shoots up. Nor will independents want to volunteer for that role. The professor has still to find a way of coaxing someone to do it. It will need more than even Miss Boys' charm.

Telecommunications

BT's ringing tills

BRITISH Telecom, already by far the most expensive telephone service in Europe, will hit the worst off hardest with its charges for directory inquiry calls which came into effect this month.

Rather than have a standard rate for the calls, BT has so arranged things that its poorest customers will pay more than twice as much as other subscribers.

For some years BT has operated a "low user rental rebate" scheme. This was in response to complaints that the quarterly rental charge was disproportionate for those who make only a handful of calls — mostly poor, elderly people who keep their telephones as an expensive emergency lifeline.

But the way directory inquiries will be charged — as equivalent to a string of ordinary calls — means that anyone who uses the inquiry service will lose even more from their rebate than the cost of the inquiry itself. They will effectively pay more than £1 to find out a number while most subscribers will pay a little under 50p.

The sneakiest aspect of the new charges, however, is the way BT is trying to disguise them on telephone bills to deflect criticism. The calls cost 37p plus VAT — a not inconsiderable sum for businesses and individuals trying to keep track of their costs. Now, for the first time in the history of the British telephone system, an operator-generated charge will *not* be shown as such on the bill — rather, it will simply be charged by clicking up a string of ordinary dialled call units.

Modern exchanges can of course itemise any charge of 10 units or more on request. This no doubt explains why BT has set the new directory inquiry charge at the equivalent of exactly *nine* units.

The solution is to ring directory inquiries from a telephone box. The calls are still free.

Timeshare holidays

Hotel du lacklustre

A BRAVE decision by nuclear-ridden Allerdale council in Cumbria to enter the lucrative Lake District holiday market has ended in farce.

Liquidators have been called in to run the Tory-Independent borough's failed Spa and Timeshare centre in Keswick after the arms-length group set up by the council to run it, Allerdale Development Company, crashed with debts of more than £5 million.

The scheme should have provided the picturesque, tourist-soaked town on Derwent Water with a much-needed swimming pool as well as a little needed addition to the local hotel quota. Instead, with remarkable ignorance of the mid-80s leisure market, the then Labour council built the pool and 1,000 time-share holiday homes in an isolated spot on the edge of Kendal with no other facilities within walking distance.

So misplaced was the planners' optimism that in the first few months the scheme lost £200,000. By the start of 1991 lake-lovers had taken up only 36 per cent of available holiday places, costing the public sector £1 million in lost revenue.

Absurdly, the fancy swimming pool or spa, the venture's raison d'être, was closed for two consecutive winters, the last time for 10 months. Unsurprisingly, when the pool finally reopened it needed costly and lengthy renovation work before it could be used.

Yet when plans for the scheme were first announced, a Blackpool-based property company, Intercity, offered to build the centre at no cost to the council. But Allerdale plumped for the Leeds-based Clifford Barnett construction company, which ran the timeshare side of the venture until October 1988 when it sold its option to Allerdale Development Company for a nominal sum of £200.

Clifford Barnett has since been wound up by its parent company, much to the chagrin of Allerdale charge-payers who had urged the council to use Intercity.

At the end of last year the district auditor rocked the Cumbrian council with news it could be breaking the law if it continued to leave public money in the business. The council was in a pickle. If the development company paid back its £1.4 million debt to the town hall it would be forced into liquidation, and Allerdale council would be liable for its £4.8 million debts to swiss bankers Credit Suisse. But if the development company failed to pay back the loan the district auditor warned that councillor could be breaking the law.

Eventually, Allerdale Development Company was wound up with debts of £5.2 million. Credit Suisse has now taken Allerdale to the high court to reclaim its money.

The timeshare timebomb has caught the attention of Workington Labour MP Dale Campbell-Savours. He has submitted two early-day motions in the House condemning Allerdale chief executive Tony Perry for "sitting back and allowing Labour councillors to take the blame for a development which he manipulated through council procedures using carefully doctored reports... and deliberate denial of information to councillors". He has also called on the Government to hold an inquiry into the collapse of the spa company.

ECONOMIC disaster has struck at Transport House, home of the giant ballot-rigging Transport and General Workers' Union.

Ron Todd, the general-secretary, wants to offload around 230 staff and 150 national officers because his finances are dwindling at the rate of £126,000 a week — or a horrendous £15 million over two years (see *Eye* 764).

Golden handshakes worth up to £30,000 are on offer to the staff while the officers stand to pocket around £50,000 each. The estimated cost of this clear-out — or "voluntary early retirement" — is between £10 and £12 million.

So how does Todd, not known for his mathematical genius, achieve this goal? He wants to pay the "volunteers" from the staff and officials' pension fund, worth £97 million, which carries a surplus of £32 million.

His brothers and sisters told him, fraternally, what to do with this suggestion when he met them at a severance summit last month. They warned him that they were not going to sack themselves from their own pension pot, no matter how generous the terms, and no matter how legal the practice.

Todd must now raid his union's general fund, sinking with the speed of a runaway lift, and go cloth cap in hand to the banks to borrow £4 million at high interest rates.

If he feels a little sore, he could always have another look through a TGWU booklet, published in 1986 and still distributed by his union's education department, entitled *Let's Take On The Takeovers*. The booklet condemns capitalist tycoons like Robert Maxwell for enforcing Mirror Group workers' redundancies by such foul means. The man who endorsed that booklet? Step forward Mr R. Todd.

In the City

THE LEGAL rumble between the unloved Michael Ashcroft and ADT's largest shareholders Laidlaw could not come at a worse time for Ashcroft and his dwindling band of City admirers with its allegations — all vehemently denied — of fraud, profit and share price manipulation and undisclosed personal perks.

Having completed a seeming year of self-imposed non-residence, with a new tax year beginning it was expected that Britain would soon be seeing a lot more of the ADT chairman. He is due at New Scotland Yard on 1 May when he is due to host a dinner for Community Action Trust, sponsors of the TV programme *Crimebusters*.

Ashcroft's guests that night are due to be Kenneth Baker, the Home Secretary and former Conservative Party chairman, and Sir Denis Thatcher — the product of Ashcroft's cosying up to the Tory hierarchy in a bid to become party treasurer. He was thwarted in that ambition by the opposition of the then treasurer and chief party fundraiser, Lord McAlpine; but not, it is suggested, before part-guaranteeing the party's overdraft.

No doubt on such social occasions guests will not be ill-mannered enough to raise embarrassing allegations such as the use of the yacht Atlantic Goose. That yacht, or another used by Ashcroft, is said to be not entirely unknown to another former party chairman, Cecil Parkinson. His wife is associated with another Ashcroft charity.

Another group of admirers who will not have welcomed Laidlaw's New York lawsuit will be the "employees of British newspapers and magazines" who Ashcroft allegedly "covertly pays... to tip him in advance of publication of any adverse stories".

Should such secret informants exist — if so they must have had a golden period over the past 12 months — then their identities may not remain unknown to their employers and the outside world for that much longer. If the Laidlaw action keeps on coming — and Ashcroft's initial efforts at "peace in our time" appear to have foundered — then there will come a time when the ADT chairman will have to make himself available for deposition, during which he is certain to be questioned under oath about his network of journalist informants.

The deposition process would also cover many other aspects of Ashcroft and ADT's activities — a prospect which is unlikely to exactly thrill anyone as shy as the ADT chairman, even though he has absolutely nothing to hide about ADT or his involvement in Blue Arrow.

Brightsea, a company associated with Ashcroft/ADT, bought more than four million Blue Arrow shares as part of the fateful and failed Manpower "rights" issue. Ashcroft was later paid £259,000 for advice given to his friend Tony Berry, then running Blue Arrow, relating to Manpower and other deals. Just how many shares Ashcroft companies held in Blue Arrow was to become a disputed issue between him and Berry's successor, Mitchell Fromstein, when Fromstein sought to discover if Ashcroft interests held more than the disclosable 5 percent.

But it is most certainly not the case that Ashcroft has anything he wishes to hide. On the contrary, he is a man renowned for truth, openness and disclosure of all that is known to those who need to know. Which is why he has chosen to sue for libel/defamation in the British courts (Ashcroft is no stranger to bringing or threatening libel actions). But the price of a legal battle could be one reason for seeking to either settle the Laidlaw case out of court or have it dismissed.

It is entirely irrelevant that successfully suing for libel/defamation in a US court might be somewhat more difficult, despite the fact that the words complained of were published there — be it in a document filed in a US Federal court. Or that Laidlaw has a limited — if any — presence in the UK, that of course does not prevent it being sued here. Or that there is also no pre-trial right to deposition in any British libel case unlike in the American version.

A CLUE for those bankers, creditors and investigators in Britain, Germany and Switzerland seeking the colourful but suddenly invisible Swiss financier Werner Rey, whose empire crashed helping to bring down Air Europe and the International Leisure Group. When last seen in London shortly before he resigned from his Omni Holding master company last month, Rey was clutching a ticket for Mexico. It may not have been a return.

THE LIKELY eviction by Federal banking authorities of the Bank of Credit & Commerce International from the United States over its secret control of the First American Bank of Washington is one more embarrassment for BCCI's political pals in Britain. The latest setback follows BCCI's guilty plea to drug money laundering and the rescue mounted by the ruler of Abu Dhabi as a consequence of which the bank's headquarters have moved from London to the emirate.

BCCI's Pakistani founder Agha Hasan Abedi was an avid cultivator of political contacts everywhere he operated, and not just of sleazy dictators like General Manuel Noriega.

Through his Third World Foundation Abedi put the bank alongside Lord James Callaghan, the former Labour prime minister.

Then there were the three Conservative MP advisers to BCCI.

Sir Frederic Bennett, MP for Torbay and a friend of Pakistan, was chairman of BCCI Finance International and a director of BCCI (Hong Kong). According to an internal BCCI document Bennett was regularly paid $10,000 into his professional earnings account at Midland Bank. Bennett stood down as an MP in 1987. He resigned from BCCI the following year.

Julian Amery, MP for Brighton Pavilion, and Sir Julian Ridsdale, MP for Harwich, both disclosed roles as advisers to BCCI in the register of MPs' interests.

It is in no way suggested that any of these prominent political figures were aware of BCCI's illegal activities.

ONE OF THE contractors who may have received part of the near £230 million of untraced Polly Peck cash as progress payments on still uncompleted holiday developments in Northern Cyprus is rumoured to be Cetin Kursat, a local builder who sold his business to Polly Peck in 1987.

The administrators have been given documents which explain that some £60 million was paid to contractors as 20 per cent advance/progress payments in the three months before Polly Peck crashed. So far the administrators have been unable to confirm this information because of court orders obtained in Northern Cyprus of two close associates of Polly Peck chairman Asil Nadir.

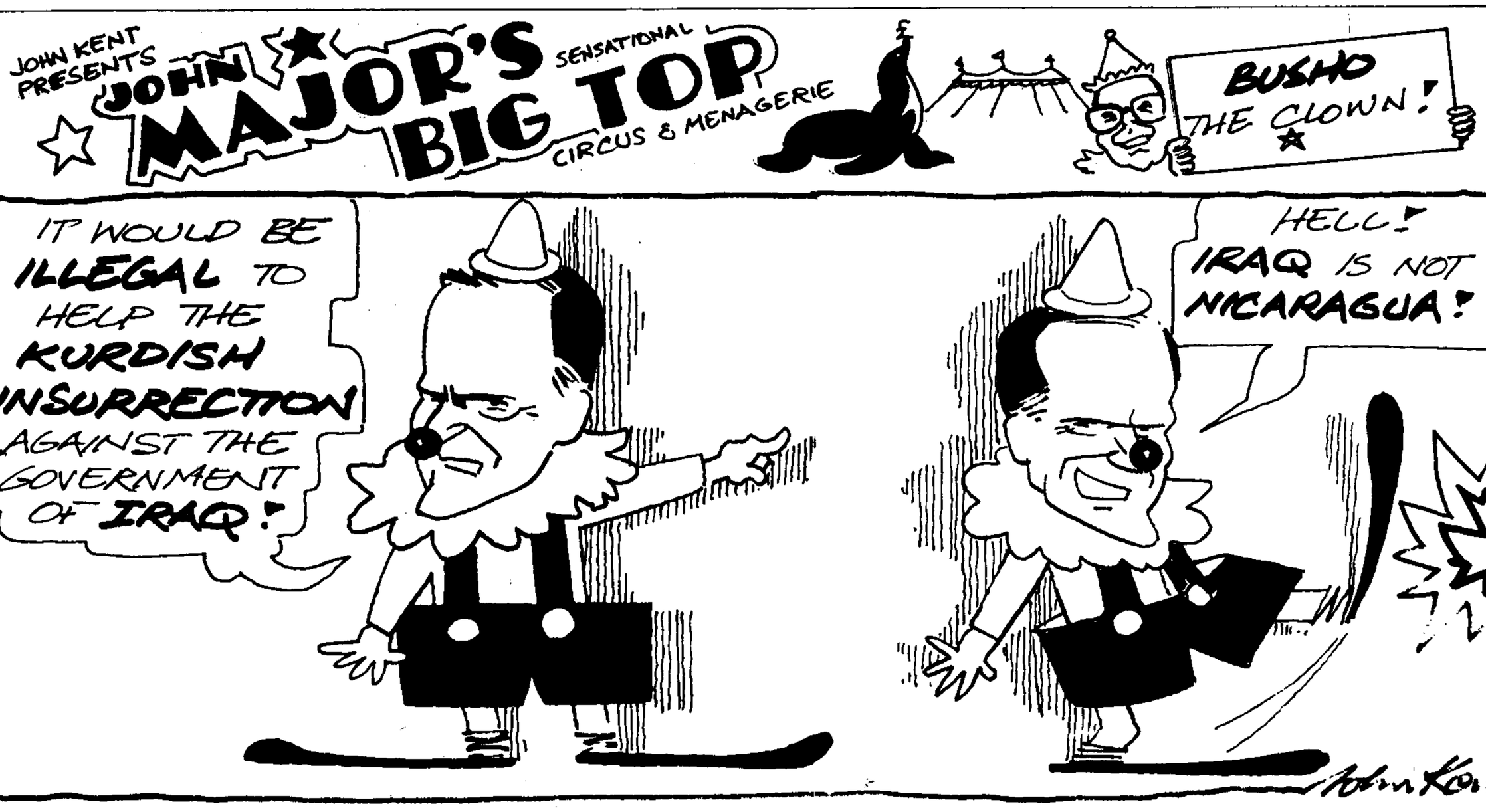
If Cetin Kursat is involved it would revive questions about the sale of his business to Polly Peck. It paid some £2.5 to £3 million for Cetin Kursat's company which was renamed Pearl Construction and worked on hotel projects on the island.

Curiously, the Cyprus company was effectively taken over by initially acquiring Cetin Kursat Construction, a Jersey company. This company had been formed in 1981 by accountants Coopers & Lybrand who just happen to have had a long standing relationship with Nadir. In 1985 another Jersey company, Azania Investments, was disclosed as the majority shareholder. Now Azania had also been formed by Coopers and five years before had been the vehicle through which Nadir acquired control of Cornell Dresses. At that time Azania was described as "wholly owned" by Nadir.

By the time of the Polly Peck takeover, however, all the shares were shown as held by Cetin Kursat and his family after passing from Azania to nominees of Coopers. When and at what price Azania bought and sold its interest is not known. Nor is why the construction company in northern Cyprus needed to be bought via a Jersey company.

What is known is that soon after the takeover Cetin Kursat effectively walked away from the company he had sold. The reason given was that the Polly Peck board had vetoed a promise by Nadir to put Cetin Kursat on its board and award him substantial share options. But even so Nadir had made him a rich man.

'Slicker'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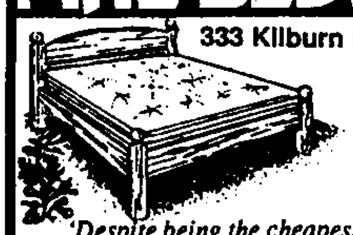

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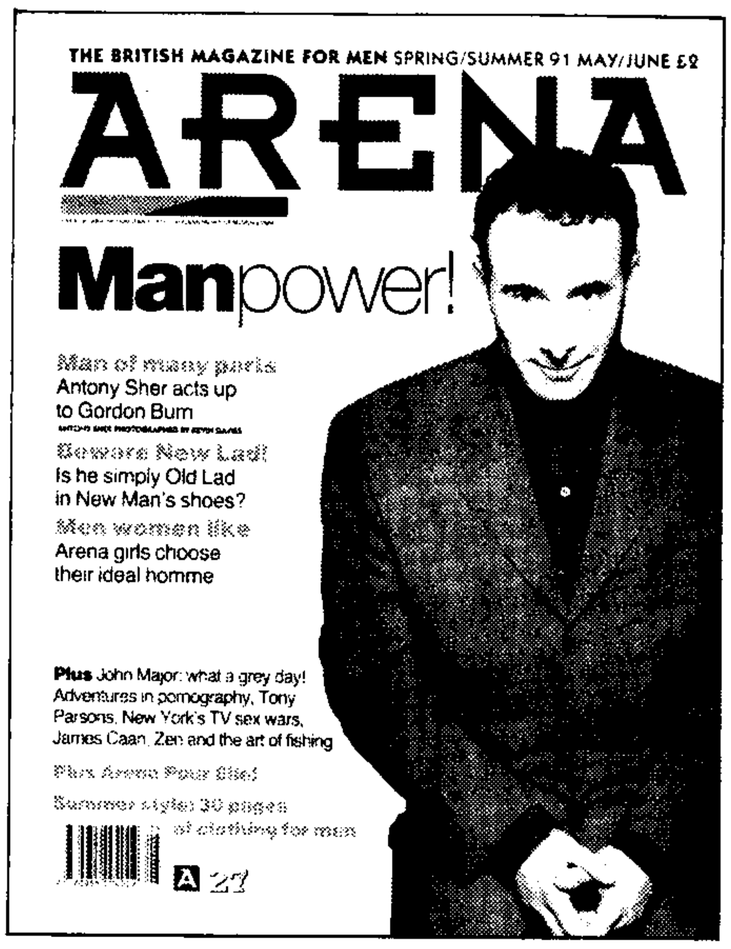
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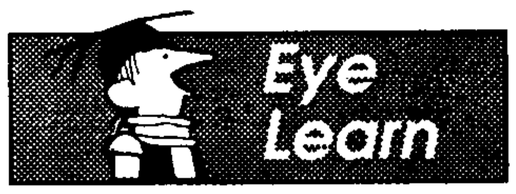

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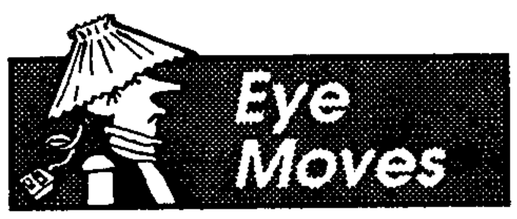

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SINGLE ENGINEER, 42, seeks job in Hungary. Well-educated, widely travelled, anything considered. Wants to learn the language. Box 14665.

DESPERATE MAN needs £50,000 for debts incurred by family. Any work considered. I will do any job for money. Box 14765.

SMART FRENCH MAN, 21, well-educated seeks two months summer employment to improve English. Ideas? Box 16365.

STUDENT COUPLE desperately need work July/August to continue study. Anything considered. Box 16465.

INTELLIGENT, STRONG MALE (30), bored with routine seeks interesting work. Anywhere, almost anything considered. Box 17765.

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CREDIT CARD MANIAC needs £7,500 urgent! Please help. Box 15965.

STUDENT FORCED TO LEAVE course due to problems, needs £1500 to cover debts. Genuine proof sent if required, anything considered. Box 16065.

HELP! £4,000! Why? 031-669 0981.

MY BANK MANAGER hates me please help me cheer him up with £1,000. Will be forever in your debt, not his. Box 16565.

YOUNG MAN urgently requires £2,500. All help acknowledged and repaid. Box 16665.

TRUE LOVE in dire need. Partner forced to relocate abroad and relationship doomed unless I can follow. Please let your heart guide your hand — your money will never create more happiness! All cash returned asap. Box 16765.

DEBTS, male 22 seeks donations, lucrative work, anything, genuine make me an offer. Box 16865.

DARING, DESERT ASSASSINATION attempt needs £15,000. Genuine. Box 16965.

HARD-WORKING couple, desperate, need help to clear debt. Please help. Box 17065.

MONEY JUST BRINGS problems. Send me your money and get rid of your problems. Box 17165.

TRINIDAD FUNDS needed to start Montessori nursery school. Children deserve help. Thanks. Box 17265.

PLEASE HELP young student male clear £3,000 debts. Will consider anything. Box 17365.

POOR STUDENT, working hard, but cannot clear £2,000 debt. Gifts/donations gratefully received/acknowledged. Genuine, alas. Box 17465.

HELP! Expat needs to raise £3,000 to send African child abroad for life saving heart operation unavailable locally. All donations gratefully acknowledged. Large donations ensure house space when you come to Nairobi. Cheques to "Alex Mwaura Fund" please. Box 16165.

WOMAN URGENTLY NEEDS £8,000. Security offered and repayment. Willing to work extra time towards repayment if appropriate. Box 17565.

CLAIRE STOUT needs £3,500 for third world expedition. Box 17865.

TALENT needs funds. Box 17965.

EX-BOYFRIEND left me £2,000 debt. Proof available. Please help. Desperate. Box 18065.

CANNOT STAND my lodgings any more. Have no wealthy relatives to help with deposit on house and clear debts. Donations gratefully accepted. Box 18165.

LASS NEEDS CASH for cat proof abode. Box 18265.

I WANT to live life. Donations to T Jacobs. Box 18365.

DESTITUTE STUDENT needs £3,000 to survive. Genuine. Cheques payable R Hill. Box 18465.

DESPERATE UNDERGRAD needs substantial amount to survive. Anything gratefully accepted. Box 18565.

GENUINELY DESPERATE single parent needs £5,000 to keep life and soul together. Please help. Box 18665.

I WATCH THEM take off and land, yet rarely join them. Apprentice aircraft fitter, desperate to learn to fly, seeks funding to fulfil ambition. Box 18765.

RESTRUCTURING LIFE after breakdown, Tony Godwin requires £3,500 for aromatherapy course (ITEC) and setting up in clinic, heavily into natural healing. Loan or gift to Box 18865.

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LADY URGENTLY requires £3,500 to secure child's future. Will repay. Please help. Genuine. Box 19165.

TIM (29) the freelance journalist needs £250,000 to operate. Cheques to Box 19265.

SINGLE PARENT You are our last chance; please send us a cash lifeline or dream fortune. Box 19365.

YOUNG HARDWORKING couple, very much in love, very much in debt (£9,500). Donations large or small gratefully received/acknowledged. Box 19465.

POET DESPERATELY needs help. Poem to each kind helper. Peter Wheldon. Box 19565.

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PENFRIENDS — USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. HARMONY, Box 82295PE, Phoenix, Arizona 85071, USA.

We are including this special forces column to replace "Eye Love in the Gulf."

STUNNING KNIGHT in armour, 28, golden anglo saxon variety, returning from foray in sandy kingdoms, quests fair or dusky maiden to rescue for forthcoming fairytale adventures. No hobgoblins please. Box 20065.

EXPATRIATE ZEBEDEE! On leave for month of June seeks Florence for some magic, roundabout Bath area. Box 20165.

ZANY 5'10" FEMALE leo (in need of lovin') seeks taller, unattached military officer 22-28 with sense of humour for crazy relationship. Photo appreciated (I hope this works). Box 19965.

RAKISHLY HANDSOME fusilier operations officer and devil may care Royal Engineer presently resident in rather large, rather teetotal foreign sandpit. We are anxious to appease the understandably desolate womenfolk of dear old blighty and invite any women to spend a weekend AWOL in a bath of beer in the Baghdad Hilton, date tba. Write with photo and cake to John and Mike, HQ 3RRF, 4 Bde, BFPO 648.

SINCERE, UNATTACHED soldier sought by beautiful but lonely girl. Box 19765.

ARMY OFFICER, 25, campaign and relationship veteran looking for that unique beautiful female to provide challenge "towelheads" couldn't. Box 19865.

TWO ELEGANT, vivacious females, uninspired by men around them, would relish dinner with a couple of handsome, self-assured army officers. Box 0865.

MANCHESTER, tall slim male (36) seeks lady, any age, for discreet fun. Box 0165.

A KEEN SENSE of naughtiness going begging. Warm Oxbridge man, 50, separate comfortable flat, seeks intelligent woman for sparky impudent teasing friendship. Long-term condoned affair possible with right woman. Surrey/Kent borders. Box 0265.

I WOULD LIKE to meet a man (40's or 50's) for companionship/friendship. Easy-going, joie-de-vivre, sociable. I am an attractive divorced woman, financially and emotionally solvent. Box 0365.

CARIBBEAN LIFE: Caucasian solvent businessman well travelled 6'0" rugged good looks. Full hair seeks life long reasonably sophisticated lady, single parent ok, to enjoy secure beautiful environment. 30 to 40, good figure. Pic and letter. Will supply same. Box 0465.

SHY AQUARIAN 27 seeks TLC and tuition from Mrs Robinson. Theory and "hands-on" practical. Up to you if I pass exam. Discretion essential and guaranteed. Berks. Box 0565.

3 GLASGOW GIRLS (over 21), seeks men who are either hunky, long-haired or intelligent. Box 0665.

DEFINITELY NOT boring. Clever, funny, very attractive woman, 35, looking for travelled successful man with lots of interesting ideas to talk about. Photo please. Box 0765.

FUN LOVING, serious male, 43, well educated seeks happy, attractive female under 40. You can be single, married, separated, divorced, with children, just so long as you're good company. Photo appreciated. London area. Box 2164.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, 27, into physical fitness, aerobics, dancing, walks, seeks like-minded loveable lady (20-30) for training partner and romantic Oxford outings. Full photo (returned) and phone appreciated if possible. Box 0965.

VERY PRETTY female lecturer 27 slim seeks attractive intelligent humorous male for fun and romance. Photo please! Box 1065.

YOUNG LIVERPOOL DOCTOR early thirties, eccentric, humorous, but sincere. Seeks northern lady who would like to join a single man and form a married practice. Photo please. Box 1165.

WE WRITE, we meet, we talk, we love. Me, attractive male, 30s, intelligent, affectionate, sensual, many interests. You, similar female and much fun too! Essex/UK. Box 1265.

INDEPENDENT pacifist woman, 38, seeks occasional companionship of witty, creative, liberated man, M11 area. Box 1365.

MALE GRADUATE, 38, but looks younger, considered attractive, married with good career but missing excitement in life, wishes to meet stylish lady for candlelit dinners, stimulating conversation and laughter in bed. London area. Box 1465.

PROFESSIONAL MAN semi-retired, young and active, forties, loves sport and outdoor life, divorced, seeks attractive lady, thirties, for friendship possibly permanent. South West area. Box 1565.

"SALLY" wants to meet "Harry". You are 35+, witty, fun, warm, articulate, living in mid-Sussex. ALA, photo appreciated. Box 1665.

SLIM, DARK-HAIRED lady (37) seeks warm, thoughtful, bright, single man interested in culture, countryside, romance. Devon, anywhere. Box 1765.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, 35 year old blonde, with lovely 9 year old daughter, seeks charming understanding male — Oxford/Cheltenham area. Cocktails for two initially, photo appreciated. Box 1965.

QUALITY MAN (Capricorn or Taurus?) sought by slim, affectionate lovely (38) with Sonia Braga hair. Photo please. Box 2065.

30, LOVELY, FAIR, slender, tall, impassionable female artist needs to meet excitable generously attentive male, 30-40. Letter, photo helpful, fun, vital! Box 2165.

MALE, 33, TALL, dark, handsome, friendly, unattached, intelligent, interesting, sensitive, artistic, public school/University, very virile, superbly endowed, would like to meet a pleasant genuine, very attractive, sensual cultured lady 25-55 for mutually satisfying, highly erotic relationship. Genuine advert. Full letter/photo please. London/SE preferred. Box 2265.

I WANT TO BE chased, not chaste! Tall, slim, attractive, gentlemanly lover (own teeth) required for happy, monogamous relationship some weeknights, mostly weekends. You have your house, I have mine, to avoid the indifference of cohabitation. I'm thirty-something, tall, attractive, successful, workaholic, independent, sensitive and affectionate and haven't been hugged for ages! Photo essential. Herts. Box 2365.

SOME GOOD NEWS, mostly bad. Good comes first: I am single, fair-haired not bad looking or fat, wealthy. Bad follows: I have an 11 year old daughter, live in the North-West and prefer better-looking girls than I might reasonably expect. The purpose of this ad is to offer a really expensive free holiday to a very attractive girl 30-37 having a nice figure with or without a child of the same age as mine. All expenses paid plus £500 spends. Please send photo and phone number. Box 2465.

INTELLIGENT MALE (25) seeks intelligent lady with thin ankles for romance. West Midlands. Box 2565.

COCK BIRD, 38, seeks hen to fly south for loving relationship and perhaps nest-building. Box 1865.

The first one or two words of all ads are in bold type at no extra charge.
For extra capital letters, bold type and centering choose the slightly dearer semi-display style.

LARGE, STUPID DOG has gorgeous owner. Slim, vivacious brunette mid-30s with own flat and car. Bloke wanted, to take both out! Box 3265.

SEXY, FIFTYISH, good-looking female, own London flat, needs occasional encounter with mature male. Who knows, we might even become friends. Box 3365.

WELL-TRAVELLED up-market attractive, vivacious lady seeks "40-ish" successful gentleman to totally spoil her and enjoy the "finer things in life". 50 miles radius Oxford. Box 3465.

LARGE LIBIDINOUS LADY, 42, into arts, countryside, travel, wining, dining, conversation, laughing, puddles, any takers? Age not important, but zest for life is. Herts area, but mobile. Box 3565.

MALE, 32, PSB, enjoys sport, comedy, restaurants, travel, alcohol, 6ft, dark hair, blue eyes, handsome, solvent, seeks exciting blue-eyed blonde, educated filly with spirit and a smile for fun, adventure, passion, n/s, North-East, photo appreciated. Box 3665.

TALL, SINCERE, unattached thirty year old male seeks n/s attractive female (25-30) for friendship and romance. If you are witty, funny and single, you'll do! Surrey/London, photo appreciated. Box 3765.

VIBRANT, EXCITING, intelligent woman (37) seeks witty, hunky, solvent, honest man (30-40) for friendship/romance. Photo/phone vital. Surrey. Box 2665.

GENTLE, GENEROUS, middle-aged professional male would like to meet uninhibited imaginative young lady (ladies?) for leisurely prolonged tickling sessions. Your place, London area if possible. Box 2765.

BLACK BEAUTY could be model, actress or student offered loving secure relationship with mature generous medical professional male living alone in Kensington. Photo and brief details. Box 2865.

GLAMOROUS WOMAN, slim, stylish, cultured, successful career (graduate), loves children, seeks distinguished, well-educated, older man, c.40-55, for commitment/marriage. Box 2965.

ENTREPRENEUR, YOUNG, 46, sensitive, humorous, now retired, bored, tied (alas) seeks affectionate lady for discreet relationship. Hants/Sussex/Surrey. Box 3065.

ATTRACTIVE PRINCE, twenty-something, sporty, fun-loving, easy-going and very choosy seeks similar princess. Midlands. Box 3165.

UNATTACHED, UNLOVED, unyoung, unold needs unfat unmiserable woman 40+. Photo? Box 3865.

ATTRACTIVE, SENSUAL, professional lady, 30, seeks similar single male for friendship/romance. Photo appreciated, London/SE. Box 3965.

ATTRACTIVE, CURVY, female, 36, needs unattached, intelligent, warm, solvent male with sense of humour for fun, romance and just to do things with. Swap my photo for yours. East Kent. Box 4065.

SINGLE, PROFESSIONAL MAN, 37, considered attractive, seeks the woman who can achieve what all the others haven't. Photo and letter ensures reply. North West. Box 4165.

MATURE, PROFESSIONAL, non-smoking male, seeks lady who needs appreciation and company. 30-50, Avon/Glos/Gwent. Box 4265.

FEELING RECKLESS? medic, mid-30s, seeks light-hearted affair with a lady of 65+, discretion assured, humour guaranteed, London/Berks/Bucks/Surrey. Box 4365.

DISTINGUISHED MALE, recent divorcee, 43, healthy wealthy and chelsea, seeks beautiful young girlfriend. Photo definitely please. Box 4465.

SEXY, TALL, AFFLUENTISH single man needed by attractive female, 28, who has a yearning for someone with whom to share life, fun, love, years(?) Box 4565.

11'9" LAID END TO END. Pair of attractive, early 30s graduate career women seeks pair of presentable thirty-something 12' chaps for shared activities (cinema, theatre, meals, sport). London area. Singles only — no wimps. Box 4665.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 37, tall, good-looking, solvent, travelled, sensitive and with sense of humour, seeks attractive woman (25-32), tall, sexy, and with wide-ranging interests for relationship. (Send photo.) Box 4765.

FANNY (35) can't decide between roaring city glamour and the homely contentment of country life. Charming, witty, ingenuous man with permanent solutions, please. Box 4865.

PRETTY WOMAN, 35, seeks Richard Gere. Seriously, someone attractive, tall, arty, successful, single, sexy, leftish, funny, (like me), will do nicely. Photo please. Box 4965.

ATTRACTIVE, LIVELY, intelligent girl/woman, 40 dreams of unattached, cultured, caring man also wanting a soulmate and lover. Photo please. London/anywhere. Box 5065.

LONELY WIDOWER SEEKS serious companion resident in South London with coastal flat. Give age, likes/dislikes and phone number. Box 5265.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MALE, handsome and 6'1", seeking mature lady to escort. London. Box 5965.

ATTRACTIVE, down-to-earth, respectable, working mother, 47, trapped in miserable marriage (divorce expensive). Knight with money please rescue! Box 6065.

AMUSING MALE DUO seek targets for their wit. Accommodating girls, 25/35, desired. South Yorkshire area. Box 6165.

PASSIONATE, SPIRITED undergraduette seeks oxymoronic male. Box 6265.

PLAYERS "HERO" lookalike, 38, happy married, seeks affectionate affair with uncomplicated lady, photo appreciated, returned promptly along with mine. Advert with wife's permission. London/Surrey area. Box 6365.

DIFFIDENT, GENTLE CHAP, 26, 6ft, professional, seeks loving partner. South. Box 6465.

STALE, MARRIED thirty-something male seeks solace. Notts. Box 6565.

FEMALE PUBLISHER, 25, seeks man for exhibitions, films, cakes, outings, love, etc. London. Box 6665.

CULTURED PEARL seeks oyster catcher. Prof, single attractive lady 30 seeks similar male for fun and friendship initially. South, Portsmouth. Box 5365.

RUBENESQUE, VOLUPTUOUS, school marm, 50s, loves opera, good food, humour. Seeks tall, solvent, happy, unattached man to share her life with. Beds/Herts, letter and photo please. Box 5465.

OLD CHINA HAND seeks oriental princess. Returned from Far East 1987, now 33 and mildly successful in London. But life lacks spice. Intelligent, charming oriental lady please cast your spell. Box 5565.

VERY ATTRACTIVE FEMALE who works with words seeks beguiling and at least slightly literary gent of around 40. Amusing/interesting letters reciprocated. Box 5665.

BRILLIANT BUXOM BRUNETTE needed by similar non-buxom man, 31, marooned in Norwich. Two out of three guarantees reply! Box 5765.

NICE, HUMOROUS, professional, single man, 44, needs to love a petite, pretty, educated woman. Single mum OK. Within reach South Wales. Photo appreciated. Box 8765.

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PRETTY, UNCONVENTIONAL mother, 31, intelligent and lively wishes to meet educated man with energy and humour. Yorks. Photo! Box 6765.

VIC WILLCOX SEEKS Robyn Penrose, Canterbury. Box 5165.

FRANCIS URQUHART (reformed, younger looking), seeks Mattie Storin for warm (permanent?) reconciliation. Box 5865.

FIZZY BLONDE, sensual, loving and discreet potential mistress (struggling but talented writer) seeks kind, rich benefactor for safe, secure, mutually-enhancing relationship. London. Box 12465.

HE (EDUCATED, but unloved) seeks SHE (30ish, adventurous) to make WE. N.W. Box 12565.

MALE (33), SUCCESSFUL, professional, enjoys tennis, ski-ing, scuba, theatre, holidays and work when time permits. Looking for very attractive, witty and kind female (20-28) for possible future marriage, children, etc. Photograph appreciated. All letters answered seriously. Box 6865.

28 YEAR OLD MAN, MS sufferer, would like to meet a kind, sexy and giving lady 18-35, East Sussex area. Box 6965.

ENERGETIC, DISCERNING MAN, 50s, North West, seeks fun and frolics with a real woman who is happy, discerning and sexy. I'm unencumbered, solvent, honest and fit. Will travel. Box 7065.

HANDSOME, WITTY, successful entrepreneur, 28, 5'10", slim, genuine and wealthy located in N Yorks. Seeks slim, elegant lady, 20 to early 30s, for fun and romance. Phone and photo appreciated. Box 7165.

ARTIST, CHELSEA STUDIO, house Mediterranean, 49, seeks bright 26-38ish lady. Pool resources for a better life. Photo. Box 7265.

GOOD-LOOKING, BLOND MALE graduate, 23, seeks sensual, neglected (married?) woman, 30-50, to spoil physically. Berks/London. Box 7365.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, professional male, early 30s, seeks interesting lady for discreet daytime liaisons. West London Area. Box 7465.

WANTED: Romantic, honest, attractive, worldly man comfortable with success, BY: complimentary, leggy, attractive 30 year old with SOH and style. London/South East. Photo and amusing letter ensures reply. Box 7565.

ROBBIE COLTRANE LOOKALIKE professional single man, 30, honest, sincere, wicked sense of humour, seeks similar lady, age, status, etc, immaterial, for caring cuddles. West London. Photo please. Box 7665.

NEED A COMPANION? Caring, youngish male with a will to listen seeks correspondence — or fun dates! Box 7765.

BORED? NOTTINGHAM housewife (graduate, mid-30s, blonde) seeks civilised exciting diversions. Discretion essential. Box 7865.

BORED ARTIST seeks new subject — male, 35+, stable, solvent, sensitive with an eye for an attractive, slender butterfly of the opposite sex. Box 7965.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, elegant and intelligent high flyer (35) new to Cambridge would love to meet a cultured humorous and handsome professional man to prove that life can be fun outside London. Box 8065.

HANDSOME, PROFESSIONAL man, 35, seeks passionate beauty (20's) for romantic, dreamy love affair. Send photo and phone number and walk off into the sunset with me. SE or SW England. Box 8165.

ATTRACTIVE, SLIM and caring woman, 27, with an impish sense of humour, intelligent and creative, wishes to meet similar man. Photo please. Box 8265.

GATWICK-BASED executive (42) seeks married or single lady to create own Operation Desert Storm and for steamy trips abroad. Box 8665.

WARMHEARTED, lighthearted, slim, fair lass, 48. "Not over the hill" seeks nice chap with town and country interests who would like friendship, laughter and fun in his life. Oxon/Bucks/Berks/Wilts. Box 12265.

PRETTY WOMAN, bright, witty, needs pampering by wealthy good-looking gent! Box 12365.

SINGLE MAN, 28, reasonably attractive, seeks woman (petite, blonde) aged 25-35, mildly academic (teacher) etc for theatre, cinema, restaurants, sensible fun. London/Home Counties. Photograph/phone number please. Box 12665.

OUTGOING FEMALE, unconventional, adventurous, attractive; seeks male partner for new horizons in outdoors. 30-40 North/Lakes. Photo appreciated. Box 12765.

JULIE CHRISTIE-ISH looks. Woman with brain wishes meet unattached, attractive, intelligent male with sense of humour for loving/lasting relationship and enjoying "Twin Peaks". Similar age, 41, and emotionally/financially solvent. London. Photos please. Box 12865.

TWO ATTRACTIVE, educated girls, late 20s, seek two affluent men for fun social time in London. Reply with photos. Box 12965.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL stallion (28) desires older mare for purely sexual relationship. No reins attached. Absolute discretion assured. Kent, London, SE. Box 13065.

BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT lady (35) giving up 50K City job to travel budget sunnier bits of world. Seeks super male co-traveller, friend. No depressives. I want to laugh. Photo appreciated. Box 13165.

ARE YOU LOOKING for an exciting, discreet affaire? Very handsome, adventurous London professional (39) sexually bored (but not boring!) seeks slim, attractive like-minded lady. Photo/phone number. Box 13265.

ENGLISH ROSE sought by caring, humorous, fit, N/S, professional gent (28) for romance, travel and fun. SE/Hants based. Box 13365.

INTELLIGENT WORKING mother, (28) seeks humorous male for friendship and possibly more. Chatty letter and photo please. Cambs/Essex. Box 13465.

GRADUATE (24) seeks plump/very plump girlfriend for cuddles etc. Photo appreciated. Box 13565.

NICE CHAP, 29, tidy beard, hair, crappy job, seeks lady 23-32 yrs, N/S, petite/medium build, that likes Gloria Estefan, food, drink and sense of humour. Box 13665.

WANTED: Flat stomach attached to gentle, intelligent, funny leftish man, by woman, 30s, who loves life but is lonely, beer-swilling but brainy, sensual but shy. Derbys/Notts. Box 13765.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, looking for someone to enjoy and see what happens. I am 23, like action and adventure, dislikes posers, pubs/nightclubs. Please send me photo/telephone number and I'll send you mine in return. Box 13865.

GRADUATE, 27, good looking but lonely, would like to meet similar female for friendship and outings. York. Box 13965.

UNUSUAL MAN, 47, intellectual, humorous, slim, fit, tender but fiercely sensual, enthusiastic for hard work, siesta, chamber music, Bach, Schubert, walking, swimming, simple things, seeks exceptional, unattached woman for mutual enchantment. Midlands. Box 14065.

GOOD LOOKING businessman, Brighton, deeply missing live-in girlfriend, 36-23-35. Now seeks fresh start with someone similarly endowed/slim able to move in. Hopefully long-term this time. Details photo helpful. Box 14165. (Genuine advert.)

LADY, EARLY 50S, widow, but vivacious, needs to live again. Own home in quaint Sussex and Spain. Wishes to meet cheerful, kind and cultured gentleman. Box 14265.

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Carmen Miranda, Oil, 1964

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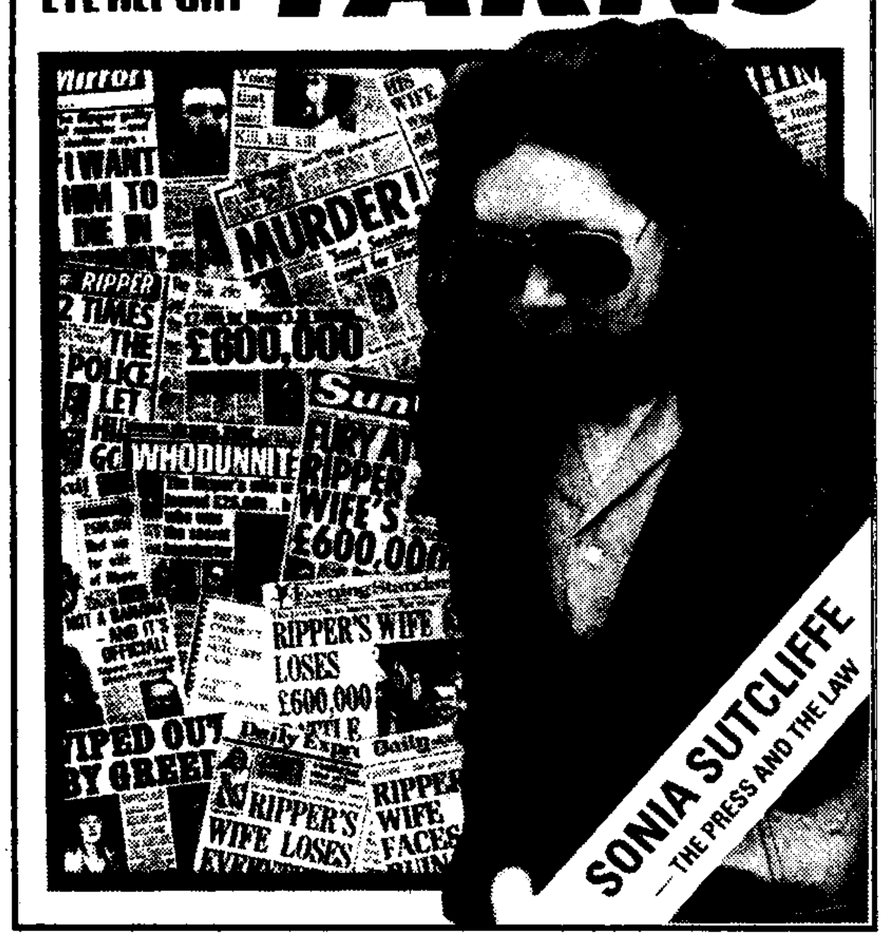

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